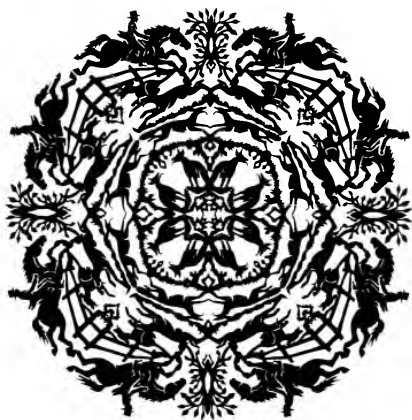


SONGS OF HORSES





JOHN A. SEAVERN

SONGS OF HORSE



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SONGS OF HORSES, AN ANTHOL-
OGY SELECTED AND ARRANGED
BY ROBERT FROTHINGHAM



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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1920

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TO
HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

Rider of the high trails,
equally at ease astride
Pegasus or the Roan Cayuse.

“Since we deserve the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.”

R. F.

FOREWORD

SINCE the dawn of civilization the horse and the Muses have been boon companions in all the heroics of mythology and history. The Ancients regarded the horse as a being of divine origin, possessing supernatural power, and their creation of the Centaur — the only one of the fanciful monsters of antiquity to which any good traits were assigned — as one of their tutelary deities, was the direct result of their efforts to establish an indissoluble bond between themselves and their gods.

Neptune, to whom the creation of the horse was attributed, might be called the original patron of horse-racing. The horses which pulled his chariot over the ocean had brazen hoofs and golden manes, and where he drove, calm succeeded storm. The golden Chariot of the Sun that Phœbus drove in the heavens was drawn by three white horses, the gift of Neptune. Pegasus, the horse of the Muses, has always been exploited by the poets of all modern languages — notably in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, where Vernon describes Prince Henry as vaulting

“ . . . with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.”

No less a personage than that husky brute of a Roman emperor, Caligula, honored his favorite horse Incitatus by appointing him a Roman Consul, much to the confusion of the dissipated dandies of his court, who considered it an unmerited "horse" on them. The versified story of this little incident will be found within.

The intimate identity of the horse with the life and literature of all peoples, since civilization began, has a most interesting scientific explanation as well. From the little five-toed *Eohippus* of Eocene times, through the four-toed and three-toed intermediate forms, down to his wonderful present-day development, the original species has never changed. Whatever his evolution during millions of years, the horse has always been a horse, and, according to our old friend Job, got a lot of satisfaction out of it; hence the "horse-laugh" — see Job's statement inside. Indeed, the advance of the horse has been coincidental with that of man himself.

"Said the little *Eohippus*:

 'I'm going to be a horse,
 And on my middle finger-nails
 To run my earthly course.' "

"Giddap," little book.

New York
September, 1920

R. F.

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THE WILD WEST

SONGS OF HORSES

LARGO

Bought him of the Navajos — shadow of a pony,
Over near the Largo draw, runnin' up and down;
Twenty pesos turned the trick — broke me cold
and stony;
Then I set to figure as I rambled into town.'

'Fore I had the feel of him, twice he like to throwed
me;
He did n't have to figure sums 'cause he was n't
broke;
Then he took to runnin' and unknowin'-like, he
showed me
Speed that was surprisin' in a twenty-dollar joke.

Wiry little Navajo, no bigger than a minute;
Did a heap of restin' up when he got the chance,
But . . . ever stop a pin-wheel just to locate what
was in it,
Findin' unexpected you was settin' on your
pants?

That was him — the Largo hoss; did n't take to
schoolin';
Relayed out of Calient' into Santa Fé;
Fifty mile of kickin' sand and not a wink of foolin'
When he hit the desert trail windin' down that
way.

Once they put a blooded hoss on the trail behind
him;

Passed me like a Kansas blow; Largo did n't
mind,

Kept a-runnin' strong and sweet. Reckoned that
we'd find him

Like we did, in twenty mile, busted, broke, and
blind.

Ever see a Injun race? Times I could 'a' sold
him

For a dozen cattle — a most interestin' price;
Set to figurin' ag'in — bought the mare that foaled
him:

Shucks! Her colts, they could n't beat a herd of
hobbled mice.

Took the brush and curry-comb — thought he'd
understand it . . .

Him a-loafin' lazy with his nose across the
bars;

Reckon dudes comes natural; as hard as he could
land it,

He druv home his opinion while I gathered up
the stars.

That was him — the Largo hoss; never saw an-
other

Desert hoss could beat him when he started out
to float.

Pedigree? He had n't none; a pony was his mother,
And judgin' from his looks I guess his father was
a goat.

That's him a-standin' there, sleepy-like and dreamin';

Sell him? Thought you'd ask me that. Northern mail is late

Just three hours. No, not to-day, pardner. Without seemin'

Brash — from here to Santa Fé we'll wipe it off the slate.

Bought him of the Navajos — broke me cold and stony;

But I got a roll to-day — tell you what I'll do —
Ridin' south? Well, pardner, I'll just give you that there pony,

If we ain't in Santa Fé three hours ahead of you.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

RIDIN'

There is some that likes the city —

Grass that's curried smooth and green,
Theaytres and stranglin' collars,

Wagons run by gasoline —
But for me it's hawse and saddle

Every day without a change,
And a desert sun a-blazin'

On a hundred miles of range.

Just a-ridin', a-ridin' —

*Desert ripplin' in the sun,
Mountains blue along the skyline —*

I don't envy anyone

When I'm ridin'.

When my feet is in the stirrups
And my hawse is on the bust,
With his hoofs a-flashin' lightnin'
From a cloud of golden dust,
And the bawlin' of the cattle
Is a-comin' down the wind —
Then a finer life than ridin'
Would be mighty hard to find.

*Just a-ridin', a-ridin' —
Splittin' long cracks through the air,
Stirrin' up a baby cyclone,
Rippin' up the prickly pear —
As I'm ridin'.*

I don't need no art exhibits
When the sunset does her best,
Paintin' everlastin' glory
On the mountains to the west,
And your opery looks foolish
When the night-bird starts his tune
And the desert's silver mounted
By the touches of the moon.

*Just a-ridin', a-ridin' —
Who kin envy kings and czars
When the coyotes down the valley
Are a-singin' to the stars —
If he's ridin' ?*

When my earthly trail is ended
And my final bacon curled
And the last great roundup's finished
At the Home Ranch of the world

I don't want no harps nor haloes,
Robes nor other dressed up things —
Let me ride the starry ranges
On a pinto hawse with wings!

*Just a-ridin', a-ridin' —
Nothin' I'd like half so well ;
As a-roundin' up the sinners
That have wandered out of Hell,
And a-ridin'.*

Badger Clark

THE OLD-TIMER

He showed up in the springtime, when the geese
began to honk;
He signed up with the outfit, and we fattened up his
bronk;
His chaps were old and tattered, but he never
seemed to mind,
'Cause fer worryin' and frettin' he had never been
designed;
He's the type of cattle-puncher that has vanished
now, of course,
With his hundred-dollar saddle on his twenty-
dollar horse.

He never seemed to bother over fortune's ups and
downs,
And he never quit his singin' when the gang was
full of frowns;
He would lose his roundup money in an hour of
swift play,
But he never seemed discouraged when he ambled
on his way.

He would hit the trail a-singin', and his smile was
out full force,
Though he'd lost his fancy saddle and he did n't
have a horse.

I have wondered where he wanders in these late,
degenerate years,
When there are no boundless ranges, and there
are no long-horn steers;
But I'll warrant he is cheerful, though unfriendly
be the trail,
And his cigarette is glowing, though his grub supply
may fail;
For he had life's happy secret — he had traced it to
the source,
In his hundred-dollar saddle on his twenty-dollar
horse.

Arthur Chapman

CHIQUITA

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar is n't her
match in the county;
Is thar, old gal, — Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir, — that's velvet! Whoa!
steady — ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman
look at her paces.

Morgan! — she ain't nothing else, and I've got the
papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dol-
lars won't buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know
Briggs of Tuolumne?

Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his
brains down in 'Frisco?

Hed n't no savvy, hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll
do, — quit that foolin'!

Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her
work cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too,
jockeys is jockeys:

And 'taint ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a
hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got
Flanigan's leaders?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford
in low water!

Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge
and his nevvv

Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the
water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake
Creek just a-bilin',

Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the
river.

I had the grey, and the Jedge had his roan, and his
nevvv, Chiquita;

And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from
the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and
Chiquita

Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could
yell to her rider,

Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge
and me standing,

And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and
a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night, that hoss, that 'ar
filly, Chiquita,

Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all
quiet and dripping:

Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of
harness,

Just as she swam the Fork, — that hoss, that 'ar
filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and — what did you say?
— Oh, the nevvvy?

Drownded, I reckon, — leastways, he never kem
back to deny it.

Ye see the durned fool had no seat; ye could n't
have made him a rider;

And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses
— well, hosses is hosses!

Bret Harte

RIDERS OF THE STARS

Twenty abreast down the Golden Street ten thou-
sand riders marched —

Bow-legged boys in their swinging chaps, all
clumsily keeping time;

And the Angel Host, to the lone, last ghost, their
delicate eyebrows arched
As the swaggering sons of the open range drew
up to the Throne Sublime.

Gaunt and grizzled a Texas man from out of the
concourse strode;
He doffed his hat with a rude, rough grace, then
lifted his eagle head
As the sunlit air on his silvered hair and the bronze
of his visage glowed:
“Marster, the boys have a talk to make on the
things up here,” he said.

Then a hush ran over the waiting throng as the
Cherubim replied:
“He that weigheth the hearts of men, He
deemeth your challenge strange,
Though He long hath known that ye crave your
own; that ye would not walk, but ride,
O restless sons of the ancient earth, ye men of
the open range!”

Then warily spake the Texas man: “A petition and
no complaint
We here present if the Law allows and the Mars-
ter He thinks it fit;
We all agree to the things that be, but we’re long-
ing for things that ain’t,
So we took a vote and we made a plan, and here
is the plan we writ:

*"Give us a range, our horses and ropes; open the
Pearly Gate;*

*Turn us loose in the unfenced blue, riding the
sunset rounds,*

*Hunting each stray in the Milky Way and running
the rancho straight,*

*Not crowding the dogie stars too much on their
way to the bedding grounds.*

*"Maverick comets that's running wild, we'll rope
'em and brand 'em fair,*

*So they'll quit stampeding the starry herd; no
rustling or blotting brands;*

*And we'll save 'em prime for the round-up time,
and us riders will all be there,*

*Ready and willing to do our work as we did on
the mésa lands.*

*"Long we've studied the landmarks, Sir; Taurus,
the Bear and Mars,*

*Venus a-smiling across the west as bright as a
burning coal;*

*Plain to guide as we punchers ride, night-herding
the milling stars,*

*With Saturn's rings for a home corral and the
Dipper our water hole.*

*"Here we have nothing to do but yarn of the times
that have long gone by;*

*And our singing, it does n't fit in up here, though
we've tried it for old times' sake;*

*Our hands are itching to swing a rope; our legs are
stiff: that's why
We ask you, Marster, to turn us loose; just give
us an even break!"*

Then the Lord He spake to the Cherubim, and this
was His kindly word:

"He that keepeth the threefold keys shall open
and let them go;

Turn these men to their work again to ride with the
starry herd;

My glory sings in the toil they crave; 't is theirs
. . . I would have it so."

Have *you* heard in the starlit dusk of eve, when the
lean coyotes roam,

The Yip! Yip! Yip! of their hunting cry and the
echo that shrilled afar,

While you listened still on a desert hill and gazed
at the twinkling dome

As a viewless rider swept the sky on the trail of a
shooting star?

Henry Herbert Knibbs

THE RANGE RIDER

Up and saddle at daybreak,
Into the hills with the light,
While still on piñon and cedar
Lingers the wings of night;
Clatter of hoofs in the cañon,
Scatter of horns on the trail;
Dim forms lost in the chaparral,
Fleeing like frightened quail.

Follow! the deer behind them
Pant in a beaten race;
Light in its flight is slower
Than a mountain steer in chase.
'Ware! That black bull charges;
Head down, red eyes aglow;
Crack! Crack! the pistol flashes —
'God, but a noble foe!

His black bulk reels from the pathway,
The horses reek and sweat;
Unsaddle a space and breathe them,
The day's before us yet:
Look back from our bed of bracken
Here on the world's green roof
You'd lie at less ease in the green below
But for pistol and sure-set hoof.

What! Is your nerve so shaken?
A man can die but once!
Who shirks the game for the chance-sent end
Is a coward soul, or a dunce.
The turn of a loose-cinched saddle,
The plunge of a keen-curved horn —
Play down to-day — and to-morrow
Who cares that we were born!

Sharlot M. Hall

BURRO

Belovèd vagrant of the ample ear;
Philosopher; gray hobo of the dunes;
Delight of children; thistle-chewing seer,
From Lebanon and eld, how many moons?

Muse of mañana; sturdy foe of haste,
Complacent in your poise, your attitude;
A statue of dejection, shaggy-faced,
Or plodding with your pack of cedar wood;

Pausing to turn your head, with motion stiff,
As though you half-imagined something wrong;
Wondering if you were there, complete, or if
The rest of you forgot to come along.

What melancholy thoughts bestir your breast,
When, like an ancient pump, you lift a tone,
Lose it and lift another, with a zest
Known to no beast on earth save you alone?

Your melody means something deep, unseen,
A storied mem'ry of some old Romance,
And ears attuned to mysteries, might glean
More from your song than simple assonance.

You sing the Truth, without a touch of guile,
And Truth were sad enough — and yet your guise
Of March-mad melancholy moves a smile,
And thus the world is richer, burro-wise:

Richer, because you are yourself; you please
That subtle sense that loves the ludicrous,
Scorning no lesson. Oh, Demosthenes
Of Andalusia, left to preach to us!

Dogging the sunlight of some empty street
Content with what your indolence may find —
Let the world rock, and you will keep your feet;
Let the world run, and you will stray behind.

O. R.

LASCA

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I long for the gallop after the cattle
In their frantic flight, like the roar of battle;
The mêlée of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads —
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love —

And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serapé* and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An *Avé Maria* sufficed her needs.
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That clings to the edge of a beetling bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is
rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger, that I might eat,
She'd take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done
One Sunday, in San Antonio,

To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And — sting of a wasp! — it made me stagger —

An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I would n't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *rebosa* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown, — a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And the sky one shining, soft sapphire —
One does not drink in little sips.

* * *

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot — forgot;
Forgot the herd that was taking its rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppressed —
That the Texas norther comes without warn-
ing,
In the dead of night or the dawn of morning —
And once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop its flight;

And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
That falls in front of its mad stampede!

Hark! was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I sprang to my saddle without a word:
One foot on mine, and she clung behind —
Away! on a wild chase down the wind!
And never was fox-chase half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared —
For we rode for our lives: you shall hear how we
fared

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but
one —

Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse,
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; or else, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
To the balmy air and the open sky,

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us — and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and — what was the rest —?
A body that spread itself over my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that close to my lips were pressed;

Then came thunder into my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Elows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise —
Lasca was dead!

* * *

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's bosom I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying — and no one knows —
'Neath summer's sun and winter's snows;
Full many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head.

And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyoté trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters and slides
Into a rift in the cotton-wood tree.
And the buzzard sails on —
And comes and is gone —
Stately and still, like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were —
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

Frank Desprez

THE PONY EXPRESS

The eddies swirl in the treacherous ford,
And the clouds gather dark ahead;
And over the plain, where the sunlight poured,
Scarce a gleam does the pale moon shed.

The pony drinks, but with gasp and sob,
And wan is the man at its side;
The way has been long, past butte and knob,
And still he must ride and ride.

Now the cinch is drawn and the plunge is
made,
And the bank of the stream is gained;
Eyes study the darkness, unafraid,
And ne'er is the good horse reined.

And the hoof-beats die on the prairie vast,
To the lone wolf's answering wail —
Thus the ghost of the Pony Express goes past
On the grass-grown Overland Trail.

Arthur Chapman

THE TRAIL OF DEATH

We rode from daybreak; white and hot
The sun beat like a hammer-stroke
On molten iron; the blistered dust
Rose up in clouds to sear and choke;
But on we rode, gray-white as ghosts,
Bepowdered with that bitter snow,
The stinging breath of alkali
From the grim, crusted earth below.

Silent, our footsteps scarcely wrung
An echo from the sullen trail;
Silent, parched lip and stiffening tongue,
We watched the horses fall and fail:

Jack's first; he caught my stirrup strap; —
God help me! but I shook him off;
Death had not dined for two that day
To meet him in that Devil's trough.

I flung him back my dry canteen,
An ounce at most, weighed drop by drop
With life; he clutched it, drank, and laughed —
Hard, hideous — a peal to stop
The strongest heart — then turned and ran
With arms outflung and mad eyes set,
Straight on where 'gainst the dun sky's rim
Green trees stood up, and cool and wet,

Long silver waves broke on the sand.
The cursed mirage! that lures and taunts
The thirst-scourged lip and tortured sight
Like some lost hope that mocking haunts
A dying soul. I tried to call,
The dry words rattled in my throat;
And sun and sand and crouching sky —
God! How they seemed to glare and gloat!

Reeling I caught the saddle-horn;
On, on; but now it seemed to be
The spring-house path, and at the well
My mother stood and beckoned me:
The bucket glistened; drip, drip, drip,
I heard the water fall and splash;
Then keen as hell the burning wind
Awoke me with its fiery lash.

On, on; what was that bleaching thing
Across the trail? I dared not look;
But on — blind, aimless, till the sun
Crept grudging past the hills and took
His curse from off the gasping land.
The blessed dusk! my gaunt horse raised
His head and neighed, and staggered on;
And I, with bleeding lips, half-crazed,

Laughed out; for just above us there,
Rock-caught against a blackened ledge
A little pool; one last hard climb;
Full spent we fell upon its edge —
One still forever. Weak I lay
And drank; hot hands and temples laved:
Jack gone, alas! the horses dead;
But night and water — I was saved!

Sharlot M. Hall

THE SONG OF THE LEATHER

When my trail stretches out to the edge of the sky
Through the desert so empty and bright,
When I'm watchin' the miles as they go crawlin' by
And a-hopin' I'll get there by night,
Then my hawse never speaks through the long
sunny day,
But my saddle he sings in his creaky old way:

"Easy — easy — easy —

For a temperit pace ain't a crime.

*Let your mount hit it steady, but give him his
ease,*

For the sun hammers hard and there's never a breeze.

We kin get there in plenty of time."

When I'm after some critter that's hit the high
lope,

And a-spurrin' my hawse till he flies,

When I'm watchin' the chances for throwin' my
rope,

And a-winkin' the sweat from my eyes,

Then the leathers they squeal with the lunge and
the swing,

And I work to the livelier tune that they sing:

"Reach 'im! reach 'im! reach 'im!

If you lather your hawse to the heel!

There's a time to be slow and a time to be quick;

Never mind if it's rough and the bushes are thick —

Pull your hat down and fling in the steel!"

When I've rustled all day till I'm achin' for rest

And I'm ordered a night-guard to ride,

With the tired little moon hangin' low in the west

And my sleepiness fightin' my pride,

Then I nod and I blink at the dark herd below,

And the saddle he sings as my hawse paces slow:

"Sleepy — sleepy — sleepy —

We was ordered a close watch to keep,

But I'll sing you a song in a drowsy old key;

All the world is a-snoozin' so why should n't we?

Go to sleep, pardner mine, go to sleep."

Badger Clark

THE OL' COW HAWSE

When it comes to saddle hawses, there's a difference in steeds:

There is fancy-gaited critters that will suit some feller's needs;

There is nags high-bred an' tony, with a smooth an' shiny skin,

That will capture all the races that you want to run 'em in.

But fer one that never tires; one that's faithful, tried and true;

One that allus is a "stayer" when you want to slam him through —

There is but one breed o' critters that I ever came across

That will allus stand the racket: 't is the —
Ol' cow hawse!

No, he ain't so much for beauty, fer he's scrubby an' he's rough,

An' his temper's sort o' sassy, but you bet he's good enough!

Fer he'll take the trail o' mornin's, be it up or be it down,

On the range a-huntin' cattle or a-lopin' into town.

An' he'll leave the miles behind him, an' he'll never sweat a hair,

'Cuz he's a willin' critter when he's goin' anywhere.

Oh, your thoroughbred at runnin' in a race may be the boss,

But fer all day ridin' lemme have the —
Ol' cow hawse!

When my soul seeks peace and quiet on the Home
 Ranch of the blest,
 Where no storms or stampedes bother, an' the
 trails are trails o' rest,
 When my brand has been inspected an' pronounced
 to be O K,
 An' the boss has looked me over an' has told me I
 kin stay,
 Oh, I'm hopin' when I'm lopin' off across that
 blessed range
 That I won't be in a saddle on a critter new an'
 strange,
 But I'm prayin' every minnit that up there I'll ride
 across
 That big heaven range o' glory on an —
 O! cow hawse!

E. A. Brinninstool

THAT ROAN CAYUSE

Colt she was when I spied her, stray on the open
 range;
 Starvin' poor, for the feed was thin and water-
 holes far between.
 I roped her and threw and tied her, for I saw she
 was actin' strange;
 And on her breast was a barb-wire cut — the
 worst I have ever seen.
 Talk about nursin'! Maybe that hoss was n't
 raised by hand!
 Boys they joshed when they saddled up and when
 they rode in at night;

“ S-s-s-h! Don’t you wake the baby! Say, can’t
you understand —
Cussin’ don’t go in this horsepital, or Doc ’ll get
mad and bite!”

Look at her now! Like copper, shinin’ and sleek
and strong!

Follow a mountain trail all day and finish a-step-
pin’ high.

Nothin’ out here can stop her, and she lopes like a
swallow’s song.

Wicked as fire to a stranger — but as gentle to
me as pie.

Look at her straight-up ears, now, listenin’ to you
and me!

Her eyes are askin’ questions; wonderin’ what’s
to do.

Understands what she hears? Now, watch when I
call and see

How she’ll circle around to my side and flatten
her ears at you.

Bronco? Yes — don’t pay to quirt her. I’m bronco
myself, some days,

Pitchin’ when luck is a-ridin’ me hard and pilin’
it if I can.

But a quick, hard word will hurt her — for a hoss
has peculiar ways;

Use any hoss like a human and he’ll treat you
just like a man.

You 'd ride her? That's not surprisin', for judgin'
your legs, you could.

But flowers are scarce at this time of year and
there is n't a parson nigh.

She sure needs exercisin'; 't would do her a lot of
good,

But I 'd hate to see you a-flyin', 'cause you ain't
built right to fly.

Remember that old-time sayin', cinched up in a
two-bit rhyme?

"There is n't a hoss that can't be rode." And
many a rider tries,

But when it comes to stayin', why, you can't stay
every time;

"There is n't a man that can't be throwed" is
the place where the song gets wise.

"That roan cayuse of the Concho": when a hoss
has a name like that,

You can figure its reputation without askin'
another word.

You can roll it up in your poncho, or bury it under
your hat,

It's just like that picture-writin' — means lots
that you have n't heard.

You straighten them ears up pronto! You, showin'
your teeth at me!

Here, now, you quit your bitin' — do you think
I'm a bale of hay?

You'd buy her? She heard you say it — ears flat
and eye rollin', see!

Well, she is the lady to talk to — and I guess
that's your answer, eh?

Henry Herbert Knibbs

WHEN YOU'RE THROWN

If a feller's been a-straddle
Since he's big enough to ride,
And has had to sling his saddle
On most any colored hide, —
Though it's nothin' they take pride in,
Still most fellers I have knowed,
If they ever done much ridin',
Has at different times got throwed.

All the boys start out together
For the round-up some fine day
When you're due to throw your leather
On a little wall-eyed bay,
An' he swells to beat the nation
When you're cinchin' up the slack,
An' he keeps an elevation
In your saddle at the back.

He stands still with feet a-sprawlin',
An' his eye shows lots of white,
An' he kinks his spinal column,
An' his hide is puckered tight,
He starts risin' an' a-jumpin',
An' he strikes when you get near.
An' you cuss him an' you thump him
Till you get him by the ear, —

Then your right hand grabs the saddle
An' you ketch your stirrup, too,
An' you try to light a-straddle
Like a woolly buckaroo;
But he drops his head an' switches,
Then he makes a backward jump,
Out of reach your stirrup twitches
But your right spur grabs his hump.

An' "Stay with him!" shouts some feller;
Though you know it's hope forlorn,
Yet you'll show that you ain't yeller
An' you choke the saddle horn.
Then you feel one rein a-droppin'
An' you know he's got his head;
An' your shirt tail's out an' floppin';
An' the saddle pulls like lead.

Then the boys all yell together
Fit to make a feller sick:
"Hey, you short horn, drop the leather!
Fan his fat an' ride him slick!"
Seems you're up-side-down an' flyin',
Then your spurs begin to slip.
There's no further use in tryin',
For the horn flies from your grip,

An' you feel a vague sensation
As upon the ground you roll,
Like a violent separation
'T wixt your body an' your soul.

Then you roll agin a hummock
Where you lay an' gasp for breath,
An' there's somethin' grips your stomach
Like the finger-grips o' death.

They all offers you prescriptions
For the grip an' for the croup,
An' they give you plain descriptions
How you looped the spiral loop;
They all swear you beat a circus
Or a hoochy-koochy dance,
Moppin' up the cañon's surface
With the bosom of your pants.

Then you 'll get up on your trotters,
But you have a job to stand;
For the landscape round you totters
An' your collar's full o' sand.
Lots of fellers give prescriptions
How a broncho should be rode,
But there's few that gives descriptions
Of the times when they got throwed.

Anonymous

A SADDLE-SONG

To horse! as rode the knights of old for tourney and
affray;
To horse! the world is wide, and ours, free heart
and summer day:
Oh! Laughter now shall be our god and every care
take wings,
And we'll take our marching orders from the song
the saddle sings.

The gipsy blood is coursing red along each leaping
vein;

We are brothers to the bursting flower and kindred
with the rain:

How the voice of Nature calls us! How it beckons!
How it rings,

In the echoes of the marching song the old saddle
sings!

The fir trees standing sentinel upon the mountain's
crest

Have sent their message on the wind to fill us with
unrest;

To mingle with our dreams the scent the healing
balsam flings,

And blend the forest whispers with the song the
saddle sings.

O jingling spur and rattling rein, brown earth and
bending sky,

We turn to you to brim again the cup of life run dry;
Take toll of all the fancied gain that hard-spent
striving brings,

But set our days in measure with the song the sad-
dle sings.

Sharlot M. Hall

MARTA OF MILRONE

I shot him where the Rio flows;
I shot him when the moon arose;
And where he lies the vulture knows —
Along the Tinto River.

In schools of eastern culture, pale,
My cloistered flesh began to fail;
They bore me where the deserts quail
To winds from out the sun.

I looked upon the land and sky,
Nor hoped to live nor feared to die;
And from my hollow breast a sigh
Fell o'er the burning waste.

But strong I grew and tall I grew;
I drank the region's balm and dew, —
It made me lithe in limb and thew, —
How swift I rode and ran!

And oft it was my joy to ride
Over the sand-blown ocean wide
While, ever smiling at my side,
Rode Marta of Milrone.

A flood of hornèd heads before,
The trampled thunder, smoke and roar,
Of full four thousand hoofs, or more —
A cloud, a sea, a storm!

O! wonderful the desert gleamed,
As, man and maid, we spoke and dreamed
Of love in life, till white wastes seemed
Like plains of paradise.

Her eyes with Love's great magic shone:
"Be mine, O Marta of Milrone, —
Your hand, your heart be all my own!" —
Her lips made sweet response:

"I love you, yes; for you are he
Who from the East should come to me —
And I have waited long!" Oh, we
Were happy as the sun.

There came upon a hopeless quest,
With hell and hatred in his breast,
A stranger, who his love confessed
To Marta long in vain.

To me she spoke: "O chosen mate,
His eyes are terrible with fate, —
I fear his love, I fear his hate, —
I fear some looming ill!"

Then to the church we twain did ride,
I kissed her as she rode beside;
How fair — how passing fair my bride
With golden combs in her hair!

Before the Spanish priest we stood
Of San Gregorio's brotherhood —
A shot rang out! — and in her blood
My dark-eyed darling lay.

O God! I carried her beside
The Virgin's altar where she cried, —
Smiling upon me ere she died, —
"Adieu, my love, adieu!"

I knelt before St. Mary's shrine
And held my dead one's hand in mine,
"Vengeance," I cried, "O Lord, be thine,
But I thy minister!"

I kissed her thrice and sealed my vow, —
Her eyes, her sea-cold lips and brow, —
“Farewell, my heart is dying now,
O Marta of Milrone!”

Then swift upon my steed I leapt;
My streaming eyes the desert swept;
I saw the accursèd where he crept
Against the blood-red sun.

I galloped straight upon his track,
And never more my eyes looked back;
The world was barred with red and black;
My heart was flaming coal.

On, through delirious twilight dim
And the black night I followed him;
Hills did we cross and rivers swim, —
My fleet-foot horse and I.

The morn burst red, a gory wound,
O'er iron hills and savage ground;
And there was never another sound
Save beat of horses' hoofs:

Unto the murderer's ear they said,
“*Thou'rt of the dead! Thou'rt of the dead!*”
Still on his stallion, black, he sped
While death spurred on behind.

Fiery dust from the blasted plain
Burnt like lava in ev'ry vein;
But I rode on with steady rein
Though the fierce sand-devils spun.

Then to a sullen land we came,
Whose earth was brass, whose sky was flame;
I made it balm with her blest name
In the land of Mexico.

With gasp and groan my poor horse fell, —
Last of all things that loved me well!
I turned my head — a smoking shell
Veiled me his dying throes.

But fast on vengeful foot was I;
His steed fell, too, and was left to die;
He fled where a river's channel dry
Made way to the rolling stream.

Red as my rage the huge sun sank.
My foe bent low on the river's bank
And deep of the kindly flood he drank
While the giant stars broke forth.

Then face to face and man to man
I fought him where the river ran,
While the trembling palm held up its fan
And emerald serpents lay.

The mad, remorseless bullets broke
From tongues of flame in the sulphur smoke;
The air was rent till the desert spoke
To the echoing hills afar.

Hot from his lips the curses burst;
He fell! The sands were slaked of thirst;
A stream in the stream ran dark at first,
And the stones grew red as hearts.

I shot him where the Rio flows;
I shot him when the moon arose;
And where he lies the vulture knows —
Along the Tinto River.

But where she lies to none is known
Save to my poor heart and a lonely stone
On which I sit and weep alone
Where the cactus stars are white.

Where I shall lie, no man can say;
The flowers all are fallen away;
The desert is so drear and grey,
O Marta of Milrone!

Herman Scheffauer

PARDNERS

You bad-eyed, tough-mouthed son-of-a-gun,
Ye 're a hard little beast to break,
But ye 're good for the fiercest kind of a run
An' ye 're quick as a rattlesnake.
Ye jolted me good when we first met
In the dust of that bare corral,
An' neither one of us will forget
The fight we fit, old pal.

But now — well, say, old hoss, if John
D. Rockefeller shud come
With all the riches his paws are on
And want to buy you, you bum,
I'd laugh in his face an' pat your neck
An' say to him loud an' strong:

“I would n’t sell you this durned old wreck
For all your wealth — so long!”

For we have slept on the barren plains
An’ cuddled against the cold;
We’ve been through tempests of drivin’ rains
When the heaviest thunder rolled;
We’ve raced from fire on the lone prairie
An’ run from the mad stampede;
An’ there ain’t no money could buy from me
A pard of your style an’ breed.

So I reckon we’ll stick together, pard,
Till one of us cashes in;
Ye’re wiry an’ tough an’ mighty hard,
An’ homelier, too, than sin.
But yer head’s all there an’ yer heart’s all
right,
An’ you’ve been a good pardner, too,
An’ if ye’ve a soul, it’s clean an’ white,
You ugly ol’ scoundrel, you!

Berton Braley

THE MEETING

When walkin’ down a city street,
Two thousand miles from home,
The pavestones hurtin’ of the feet
That never ought to roam,
A pony just reached to one side
And grabbed me by the clothes;
He smelled the sagebrush, durn his hide!
You bet a pony knows!

I stopped and petted him, and seen
A brand upon his side;
I'll bet, across the prairie green,
He useter hit his stride;
Some puncher of the gentle cow
Had owned him — that I knows;
Which same is why he jest says: "How!
There's sagebrush in your clothes."

He knowed the smell — no doubt it waked
Him out of some bright dream;
In some far stream his thirst is slaked —
He sees the mountains gleam;
He bears his rider far and fast,
And real the hull thing grows
When I come sorter driftin' past
With sagebrush in my clothes.

Poor little hoss! It's tough to be
Away from that fair land —
Away from that wide prairie sea
With all its vistas grand;
I feel for you, old hoss, I do —
It's hard, the way life goes;
I'd like to travel back with you —
Back where that sagebrush grows!

Arthur Chapman

TWO-BITS

Where the shimmering sands of the desert beat
In waves to the foothills' rugged line,
And cat-claw and cactus and brown mesquite
Elbow the cedar and mountain pine;

Under the dip of a wind-swept hill,
Like a little gray hawk Fort Whipple clung;
The fort was a pen of peeled pine logs
And forty troopers the army strong.

At the very gates when the darkness fell,
Prowling Mohavé and Yavapai
Signalled with shrill coyoté yell,
Or mocked the night owl's piercing cry;
Till once when the guard turned shuddering
For a trace in the east of the welcome dawn,
Spent, wounded, a courier reeled to his feet; —
"Apaches — rising — Wingate — warn!"

"And half the troop at the Date Creek Camp!"
The Captain muttered: "Those devils heard!"
White-lipped he called for a volunteer
To ride "Two-Bits" and carry the word
"Alone; it's a game of hide and seek;
One man may win where ten would fail."
Himself the saddle and cinches set
And headed "Two-Bits" for the Verdé Trail.

"Two-Bits!" How his still eyes woke to the
chase!
The bravest soul of them all was he!
Hero of many a hard-won race,
With a hundred scars for his pedigree.
Wary of ambush, and keen of trail,
Old in wisdom of march and fray;
And the grizzled veteran seemed to know
The lives that hung on his hoofs that day.

“A week! God speed you and make it less!
Ride by night from the river on.”

Caps were swung in a silent cheer,
A quick salute, and the word was gone.
Sunrise, threading the Point of Rocks;
Dusk, in the canyons dark and grim
Where, coiled like a rope flung down the cliffs,
The trail crawls up to the frowning rim.

A pebble turned, a spark out-struck
From steel-shod hoofs on the treacherous flint,
Ears strain, eyes wait in the rocks above
For the faintest whisper, the farthest glint;
But shod with silence and robed with night
They pass untracked, and mile by mile
The hills divide for the flying feet,
And the stars lean low to guide the-while.

Never a plumed quail hid her nest
With the stealthiest care that a mother may,
As crouched at dawn in the chaparral
These two, whom a heart-beat might betray.
So, hiding and riding, night by night;
Four days, and the end of the journey near;
The fort just hid in the distant hills —
But hist! A whisper — a breath of fear!

They wheel and turn — too late. Ping! Ping!
From their very feet a fiery jet.
A lurch, a plunge, and the brave old horse
Leaped out with his broad breast torn and
wet.

Ping! Thud! On his neck the rider swayed;
Ten thousand deaths if he reeled and fell!
Behind, exultant, the painted horde
Poured down like a skirmish line from hell.

Not yet! Not yet! Those ringing hoofs
Have scarred their triumph on many a course;
And the desperate, blood-trailed chase swept on,
Apache sinews 'gainst wounded horse.
Hour crowding hour till the yells died back,
Till the pat of the moccasined feet was gone;
And dumb to heeding of foe or fear
The rider dropped, — but the horse kept on.

Stiff and stumbling and spent and sore,
Plodding the long miles doggedly;
Till the daybreak bugles of Wingate rang
And a faint neigh answered the reveillé.
Wide swung the gates — a wounded horse —
Red-dabbled pouches and riding gear;
A shout, a hurry, a quick-flung word —
And "Boots and Saddles" rang sharp and clear.

Like a stern commander the old horse turned
As the troop filed out, and straight to the head
He guided them back on that weary trail
Till he fell by his fallen rider — dead —
But the man and the message saved. And he
Whose brave heart carried the double load,
With his last trust kept and his last race won —
They buried him there on the Wingate road.

Sharlot M. Hall

EL HIJO DEL MAR

This is a story of long ago
Before Ugarté of Mexico
The keel of his holy vessel laid;
Before the Monterey Cross was made,
Or masses sung by Junipero.
An old vaquero passing away
Told it beside Estero Bay,
While his horse listened outside the door,
Lifting and shaking his hackamore —

Listened as if he had dreamed the lore
Of that brown Arab who swam ashore
Through mighty waves, through sea-fog gray,
With ship's bells wailing that winter day;
Doubtfully watching two strangers near,
Gringos and Northerners — that was clear!
— Sadly the brown colt chafed at the door,
— Sadly old Juan looked forth once more.

Down his half-roofed adobé old,
The Spaniard whispered of ship-wrecked gold.
Crazy Old Juan — they called him there
But still he talked of a galleon fair,
Blown out of her track from Asian isles,
Northward for many wearying miles,
Rudder broken and canvas in rags,
Hurled at last on those outer crags.

One brown stallion — a wonderful steed —
Won safe to shore — and still his breed,
His bold, brown Arabs master the hills.

Each carries proudly his great white star, —
Loud whinnied Juan's colt El Hijo del Mar!

Sometimes the ocean rises and fills
Its endless murmurs with brooding ills.
Sighings of women come from the deep,
Cryings of children waked from sleep.
Sometimes the tides of Estero Bay
Bring oaken timbers to light of day;
Once a golden cup for blessed wine,
Last filled for some girl of ancient line,
As the storied galleon hung a breath
And slowly slid to her ocean death.

Charles Howard Shinn

RIDING SONG

Let us ride together, —
Blowing mane and hair,
Careless of the weather,
Miles ahead of care,
Ring of hoof and snaffle,
Swing of waist and hip,
Trotting down the twisted road
With the world let slip.

Let us laugh together, —
Merry as of old,
To the creak of leather
And the morning cold.
Break into a canter;
Shout to bank and tree;
Rocking down the waking trail,
Steady hand and knee.

Take the life of cities!
Here's the life for me.
'T were a thousand pities
Not to gallop free.
So we'll ride together,
Comrade, you and I,
Careless of the weather,
Letting care go by.

Anonymous

ORIENT AND OCCIDENT

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though
they come from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border
side

And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride.

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar:

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare.

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

For the length and breadth of that grisly plain is
sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never
a man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of hell and
the head of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat —

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of
the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack,

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whis-
tling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now
if ye can ride!"

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woeful heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive,

“ 'T was only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ ye rode so long alive:

'There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,

The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row.

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to
bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a
thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, — thy breth-
ren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, — howl, dog,
and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and
gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my
own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf
and grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the
blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift — by God,
she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuz-
zled against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but
she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

My 'broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-
end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "Will
ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb
for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son
to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped
from a mountain-crest —

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked
like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who
leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,

Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him with thy
head.

So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all
her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the
peace of the Border-line.
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power —
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son.
"Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — to-
night 't is a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though
they come from the ends of the earth!*
Rudyard Kipling

THE RIDING CAMEL

I was Junda's riding camel. I went in front of the
train.

I was hung with shells of the Orient from saddle
and cinch and rein.

I was sour as a snake to handle and rough as a rock
to ride,

But I could keep up with the west wind, and my
pace was Junda's pride.

I was Junda's riding camel. When first we left our
land

Camels were rare on the Queensland tracks as
ropes made out of the sand;

But slowly we conquered a kingdom till down
through the dust and heat

Not a road from the Gulf to the Border but carried
the print of our feet.

And I was the riding camel. I carried him — Junda
Khan —

The dark-skinned Afghan devil made in the mould
of a man!

I gave no service to others, yellow, or white, or
brown,

But Junda Khan was my master; I knelt when he
"Hooshed!" me down.

When the gloom on his forehead gathered, when he
 fingered the blade at his belt,
The men who handled the nose-strings knelt low as
 the camels knelt;
For each of them — beast and driver — from Koot
 to the camel-foal,
Knew that the man who led them owned them body
 and soul.

Northward I carried my master. The creek by the
 road was dry;
The sun like a burning wagon-wheel rolled down
 the western sky;
The dust was white on the saltbush, the ruts were
 deep in the road,
And the camel behind me grunted at every lurch of
 his load.

A dust-whirl rose in the bushes and circled into the
 sky,
The shells on my harness rattled as its burning
 breath went by.
And out of the endless distance, clear-cut on the
 world's edge, lone,
Like a silver sail on the ocean the roof of a home-
 stead shone.

The white man stood at my shoulder, sunburnt,
 lissome and straight;
In the deep of his eyes was anger to match with the
 Afghan's hate.

I know no word of the quarrel, the "Hoosh-ta!"
came and I knelt;
And Junda sprang from my saddle, and the knife
leapt out of his belt.

There was a cry in the sunset, an echo that rang at
the ford;
Then silence fell on the roadway till a scared bull-
camel roared.
My master turned and mounted; I felt the sting of
his goad,
And we swept away through the saltbush; and the
rest stood still on the road.

The night came up from the river, darksome and
deep and drear.
Swift were my feet on the sandhill, but swifter fol-
lowed his fear.
When the stars were dim in the daylight and the
moon on the mulga, low,
A hundred miles of desert lay between the blade
and the blow.

We were far from the fetter of fences and far from
the dwellings of men,
Yet for less than an hour he rested, then mounted
and rode again.
I was sore and weary and thirsty when out of the
blaze of noon,
We camped in the shade of a wilga clump and drank
at a long lagoon.

Ah! Never was life-blood taken of white, or yellow,
or brown,
But the keen-eyed men in the helmets have ridden
the taker down!
Never a trail on the sandhill of camel, or horse, or
shoe,
Crossed by a hundred others but the trackers have
tracked it through!

Sore of the saddle and weary, Junda, the killer,
slept;
But I, I watched from the bushes while the armed
avenger crept.
Sharp came the call in the English tongue, and my
master sprang from sleep,
Hand to the hilt of his Khyber knife, crouched for
his one swift leap.

Brave are these outpost English, but simple as chil-
dren be;
The pistol-barrel that held his life hung loose at the
trooper's knee.
There was a flash in the sunlight, the gleam of a
long, blue blade,
A cry in the noontide stillness, a corpse on the sand-
hill laid.

I was his riding camel; but deep in my heart there
stirred
Something of lust and anger I could not name in a
word.

When he came to me swift and sudden, the blood-
red knife in his belt,
I could not kneel at his bidding as I and my sires
had knelt.

Wrath at his long-time goading, fear of his cruel hand
Made me a raging devil that heard no man's com-
mand.

And when he struck at my nostrils, mad with his
human fear,
I clenched my teeth in his shoulder and clung till
the blood ran clear.

I knelt with my weight and crushed him. He died,
and at Allah's Gate
The soul of him sobs and trembles where the grim
Black Camels wait.
Could I do else, my brothers, I who remembered
then
The moan of the laden pack-beasts and the mutter
of Junda's men?

Will H. Ogilvie

MULÉYKEH

If a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried
“A churl's!”
Or haply “God help the man who has neither salt
nor bread!”
—“Nay,” would a friend exclaim, “he needs nor
pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the shore-
sand, picking pearls,

— Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears
instead

On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which
of night makes morn.

“What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of
Sinán?

They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand
camels the due,

Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.

‘God gave them, let them go! But never since time
began,

Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match
of you,

And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men’s
land and gold!’

“So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn — and
right, I say.

Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping
all,

Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor’s
staff.

Who started, the owner’s hope, gets shamed and
named, that day.

‘Silence,’ or, last but one, is ‘The Cuffed,’ as we
used to call

Whom the paddock’s lord thrusts forth. Right,
Hóseyn, I say, to laugh!”

“Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?” the stranger
replies: “Be sure

On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both

On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers away in
heart

For envy of Hóseyn's luck. Such sickness admits
no cure.

A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with
an oath,

'For the vulgar — flocks and herds! The Pearl is a
prize apart.'"

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding to
Hóseyn's tent,

And casts his saddle down, and enters and
"Peace!" bids he.

"You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall
mend the wrong.

'T is said of your Pearl — the price of a hundred
camels spent

In her purchase were scarce ill paid: such prudence
is far from me

Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long parley
may last too long."

Said Hóseyn: "You feed young beasts a many, of
famous breed,

Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of
Múzennem:

There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it
climbs the hill.

But I love Muléykeh's face: her forefront whitens
indeed

Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels
— go gaze on them!

Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the
richer still."

A year goes by: lo, back to tent again rides Duhl.
“ You are open-hearted, ay — moist-handed, a
very prince.
Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your simple gift!
My son is pined to death for her beauty: my wife
prompts ‘ Fool,
Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder,
since
God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on
Him shows thrift.’ ”

Said Hóseyn, “ God gives each man one life, like a
lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted —
hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share! once quench it,
what help is left?
The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine while
Muléykeh lives.
Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Muléykeh
died?
It is life against life: what good avails to the life-
bereft? ”

Another year, and — hist! What craft is it Duhl
designs?
He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last
time,
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by
the trench
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for
night combines

With the robber — and such is he: Duhl, covetous
up to crime,
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by
whatever the wrench.

“ He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted with
half my store,
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like
Spring dew?
Account the fault to me who chaffered with such an
one!
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature
he rode: nay, more —
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in
two:
I will beg! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my
wife and son.

“ I swear by the Holy House, my head will I never
wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried,
then guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or die:
Let him die, then, — let me live! Be bold — but
not too rash!
I have found me a peeping-place: breast, bury your
breathing while
I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He de-
ceived me not, the spy!

“ As he said — there lies in peace Hóseyn — how
happy! Beside
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her head-
stail about his wrist:

'T is therefore he sleeps so sound — the moon
through the roof reveals.

And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known
far and wide,

Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever
missed

The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the
thunderous heels.

“ No less she stands saddled and bridled, this sec-
ond, in case some thief

Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I
mean to do.

What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount
her we both escape.”

Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl, — so a ser-
pent disturbs no leaf

In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest:
clean through,

He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he
performs the rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the
girth, has clipped

The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice
bound as before,

He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert
like bolt from bow.

Up starts our plundered man: from his breast
though the heart be ripped,

Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute
more,

He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose
worth we know!

And Hóseyn — his blood turns flame, he has
learned long since to ride,
And Buhéyseh does her part, — they gain — they
are gaining fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj to
cross and quit,
And to reach the ridge El-Sabán, — no safety till
that he spied!
And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-
length off at last,
For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the
touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider the
strange and queer:
Buhéyseh is mad with hope — beat sister she shall
and must
Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she
has to thank.
She is near now, nose by tail — they are neck by
croup — joy! fear!
What folly makes Hóseyn shout “Dog Duhl,
Damned son of the Dust,
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my
Pearl’s left flank!”

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as
prompt perceived
Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him
was to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and vanished for ever-
more.
And Hóseyn looked one long last look as who, all
bereaved,

Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living
may:

Then he turned Buhéyseh's neck slow homeward,
weeping sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hóseyn upon the
ground

Weeping: and neighbors came, the tribesmen of
Bénu-Asád

In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned
him of his grief;

And he told from first to last how, serpent-like,
Duhl had wound

His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape,
so bad!

And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl re-
mained with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor Hóseyn is
crazed past hope!

How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in for-
tune's spite?

To have simply held the tongue were a task for
boy or girl,

And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an
antelope,

The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast
by night!" —

"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn. "You
never have loved my Pearl!"

Robert Browning

CONSUL ROMANUS

Shod with gold,
And bitted with gold,
Went an Emperor's steed in days of old.
On gilded oats this Horse was fed,
'Neath a golden canopy had his bed:
Rome bent the knee when he came in sight;
And he lived in a palace of marble white,
With a hundred slaves to serve his need,
For he was the Emperor's chosen steed,
The best and fleetest in all the land,
And stroked and patted by Cæsar's hand;
And his purple trappings of price untold,
 Flashed with jewels,
 And flamed with gold.

And the crazy Emperor laughed, and swore,
"There is not a king that I honour more;
For where shall I find, in the Roman throng,
A man who's as handsome, as fine, as strong,
Or, among my parasite, fawning ring,
A friend who's as true as that speechless thing?"
And he sought about till he found a way,
 Which gold and jewels could not express,
His thoughts to the whole wide world to say —
 If you had n't heard it you'd never guess
 Who made him a consul, nothing less —
And the Horse was a consul that self same day.

So, with glittering guards in grand array,
You can see him a-far on the Appian way,

Blazing with diamonds like a star,
Consul Romanus!!

S. P. Q. R.

And though patricians may turn and sneer,
The people laugh and the people jeer, —
They laugh at the title turned to scorn,
They jeer to see it so proudly borne;
For he looks so splendid, he steps so high,
As he tosses his jeweled head to the sky:
He spurns the earth with such proud disdain,
As he rattles his priceless bridle chain;
He is so shapely in every line,
So full of strength and yet so fine,
So handsome and so debonnaire,
So much a gentleman everywhere,

That you never saw,

Though you 've traveled far,

Such a noble Consul

S. P. Q. R.

And when, to finish this equine lay,
The Emperor died (in a sudden way),
Reeking with murders, so they say,
Mad as a hatter, fouled and stained
With every vice which the world contained;
Yet he got the tribute the world might pay
If mad Caligula lived to-day:

“ There are many worse:

He 'd his faults, of course;

But he fostered sport, and he loved a horse.”

Bertrand Shadwell

THE KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED

I love the hoss from hoof to head,
From head to hoof and tail to mane;
I love the hoss, as I have said,
From head to hoof and back again.

I love my God the first of all,
Then Him that perished on the Cross;
And next my wife, and then I fall
Down on my knees and love the hoss.
James Whitcomb Riley

THE EARLY MORNING RIDE

The dawn has left a rosy light
Where scintillates the frosty sun,
Your coat is silken, soft and bright,
Oh, gentle horse, my lovely one.

A while we thread through crowded fares —
With careful step and ears erect,
And arching neck, away she bears
To streams, where flying clouds reflect.

There, stretched before a mossy bank,
Its dew of morning still undried; —
I touch my beauty's shining flank,
She lifts her quivering nostril wide,

And, like an arrow in the wind,
Away, away, we flash as one!
While playing, straining muscles bend
Her slender limbs to bear me on.
Dorothea Gilroy

CONROY'S GAP

This was the way of it, don't you know —
Ryan was "wanted" for stealing sheep,
And never a trooper, high or low,
Could find him — catch a weasel asleep!
Till Trooper Scott, from the Stockman's Ford —
A bushman, too, as I've heard them tell —
Chanced to find him drunk as a lord
Round at the Shadow of Death Hotel.

D' you know the place? It's a wayside inn,
A low grog-shanty — a bushman trap,
Hiding away in its shame and sin
Under the shelter of Conroy's Gap —
Under the shade of that frowning range,
The roughest crowd that ever drew breath —
Thieves and rowdies, uncouth and strange,
Were mustered 'round at the Shadow of Death.

The trooper knew that his man would slide
Like a dingo pup, if he saw the chance;
And with half a start on the mountain side,
Ryan would lead him a merry dance.
Drunk as he was when the trooper came,
To him that did not matter a rap —
Drunk or sober, he was the same:
The boldest rider in Conroy's Gap.

"I want you, Ryan," the trooper said,
"And listen to me, if you dare resist,
So help me heaven, I'll shoot you dead!" —
He snapped the steel on his prisoner's wrist,

And Ryan, hearing the handcuffs click,
Recovered his wits as they turned to go,
For fright will sober a man as quick
As all the drugs that the doctors know.

There was a girl in that rough bar
Who went by the name of Kate Carew.
Quiet and shy as the bush girls are,
But ready-witted and plucky, too.
She loved this Ryan, or so they say,
And passing by, while her eyes were dim
With tears, she said in a careless way,
“The Swagman’s ’round in the stable, Jim.”

Spoken too low for the trooper’s ear,
Why should she care if he heard or not?
Plenty of swagmen far and near,
And yet to Ryan it meant a lot.
That was the name of the grandest horse
In all the district from east to west,
In every show ring, on every course,
They always counted the Swagman best.

He was a wonder, a raking bay —
One of the grand old Snowdon strain —
One of the sort that could race and stay
With his mighty limbs and his length of rein.
Born and bred on the mountain side,
He could race through scrub like a kangaroo,
The girl herself on his back might ride,
And the Swagman would carry her safely
through.

He would travel gaily from daylight's flush
Till after the stars hung out their lamps --
There was never his like in the open bush,
And never his match in the cattle-camps.
For faster horses might well be found
On racing tracks, or a plain's extent,
But few, if any, on broken ground
Could see the way that the Swagman went.

When this girl's father, old Jim Carew,
Was droving out on the Castlereagh
With Conroy's cattle, a wire came through
To say that his wife could n't live the day.
And he was a hundred miles from home,
As flies the crow, with never a track,
Through plains as pathless as ocean's foam --
He mounted straight on the Swagman's back --

He left the camp by the sundown light,
And the settlers out on the Marthaguy
Awoke and heard, in the dead of night,
A single horseman hurrying by.
He crossed the Bogan at Dandaloo,
And many a mile of the silent plain
That lonely rider behind him threw
Before they settled to sleep again.

He rode all night and he steered his course
By the shining stars with a bushman's skill,
And every time that he pressed his horse
The Swagman answered him gamely still.
He neared his home as the east was bright,
The doctor met him outside the town:

“Carew! How far did you come last night?”

“A hundred miles since the sun went down.”

And his wife got 'round, and an oath he passed,
So long as he or one of his breed
Could raise a coin, though it took their last,
The Swagman never should want a feed.
And Kate Carew, when her father died,
She kept the horse and she kept him well:
The pride of the district far and wide,
He lived in style at the bush hotel.

Such was the Swagman; and Ryan knew
Nothing about could pace the crack;
Little he'd care for the man in blue
If once he got on the Swagman's back.
But how to do it? A word let fall
Gave him the hint as the girl passed by;
Nothing but “Swagman — stable-wall;
Go to the stable and mind your eye.”

He caught her meaning, and quickly turned
To the trooper: “Reckon you'll gain a stripe
By arresting me, and it's easily earned;
Let's go to the stable and get my pipe —
The Swagman has it.” So off they went,
And soon as ever they turned their backs
The girl slipped down, on some errand bent
Behind the stable, and seized an axe.

The trooper stood at the stable door
While Ryan went in quite cool and slow,
And then (the trick had been played before)
The girl outside gave the boards a blow.

Three slabs fell out of the stable wall —

'T was done 'fore ever the trooper knew —
And Ryan, as soon as he saw them fall,
Mounted the Swagman and rushed him through.

The trooper heard the hoof-beats ring

In the stable yard, and he slammed the gate,
But the Swagman rose with a mighty spring
At the fence, and the trooper fired too late,
As they raced away and his shots flew wide —
And Ryan no longer need care a rap,
For never a horse that was lapped in hide
Could catch the Swagman in Conroy's Gap.

And that's the story. You want to know

If Ryan came back to his Kate Carew?
Of course he should have, as stories go,
But the worst of it is, this story's true;
And in real life it's a certain rule,
Whatever poets and authors say
Of high-toned robbers and all their school,
These horse-thief fellows are n't built that way.

Come back! Don't hope it — the slinking hound,

He sloped across to the Queensland side,
And sold the Swagman for fifty pound,
And stole the money, and more beside.
And took to drink, and by some good chance
Was killed — thrown out of a stolen trap.
And that was the end of this small romance,
The end of the story of Conroy's Gap.

A. B. Paterson

ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS

“Bring forth the steed!” It was a level plain
Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
When in their prison caves the winds lie chained.
There Philip sat, pavilioned from the sun;
There, all around, thronged Macedonia’s hosts,
Bannered and plumed and armed — a vast array.
There too among an undistinguished crowd,
Distinguished not himself by pomp, or dress,
Or any royal sign, save that he wore
A god-like aspect like Olympian Jove,
And perfect grace and dignity, — a youth, —
A simple youth scarce sixteen summers old,
With swift impatient step walked to and fro.
E’en from their monarch’s throne, they turned to
view —

Those countless congregations, — that young form;
And when he cried again, “Bring forth the steed!”
Like thunder rolled the multitudinous shout
Along the heavens, — “Live, Alexander!”

Then Philip waved his sceptre, — silence fell
O’er all the plain. — ’T was but a moment’s pause,
While every gleaming banner, helm, and spear
Sunk down like ocean billows, when the breeze
First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests.
Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
Of armies, as in victory, — “Live the King!”
And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled:
From famous Thessaly a horse he brought,
A matchless horse. Vigor and beauty strove
Like rival sculptors carving the same stone

To win the mastery; and both prevailed.
His hoofs were shod with swiftness; where he
 ran
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! What a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride,
Worth gold in talents; chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on earth.

“Obey my son, Pharsalian! bring the steed!”
The Monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led Bucephalus.
“Mount, vassal, mount! Why pales thy cheek with
 fear?
Mount — ha! art slain? Another! mount again!”
’T was all in vain. — No hand could curb a neck
Clothed with such might and grandeur to the
 rein:
No thong or spur could make his fury yield. —
Now bounds he from the earth; and now he rears,
Now madly plunges, strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird — his fellow, king of air!

“Quick, take him hence,” cried Philip; “he is
 wild!”
“Stay, father, stay! — lose not this gallant steed,
For that base grooms cannot control his ire!
Give me the bridle!” Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulders, and drew
 nigh.
The brave steed was no courtier: prince and groom

Bore the same mien to him. — He started back,
But with firm grasp the youth retained and turned
His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun,
Then with that hand, in after years which hurled
The bolts of war among embattled hosts —
Conquered all Greece, and over Persia swayed
Imperial command, — which on Fame's Temple
Graved: "*Alexander, Victor of the World!*" —
With that same hand he smoothed the flowing
 mane,

Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while.
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.
How like a Centaur looked the youth and steed!
Firmly the hero sat; his glowing cheek
Flushed with the rare excitement; his high brow
Pale with a stern resolve; his lip as smiling
And his glance as calm, as if, in dalliance,
Instead of danger, with a girl he played.
Untutored to obey, how raves the steed!
Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam,
And struggling to get free, that he might dart,
Swift as an arrow from the shivering bow —
The rein is loosened. "Now, Bucephalus!"
Away — away! he flies; away — away!
The multitude stood hushed in breathless awe,
And gazed into the distance.

Lo! a speck, —

A darksome speck on the horizon! 'T is —
'T is he! Now it enlarges: now are seen
The horse and rider; now, with ordered pace,
The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
Down to the earth and bends his rapid pace

Unto the King's pavilion. — The wild steed,
Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.

Philip wept tears of joy: " My son, go seek
A larger empire; for so vast a soul,
Too small is Macedonia!"

Park Benjamin

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

Word was brought to the Danish king

(Hurry)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring:

(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl

Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;

And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed:

(Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed

Which he kept for battle and days of need;

(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;

Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;

Bridles were slackened and girths were burst;

But ride as they would, the king rode first,

For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;

(Hurry)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward
gone;

His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying!

The king looked back at that faithful child;

Wan was the face that answering smiled;

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,

Then he dropped; and only the king rode in

Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;

(Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold grey morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;

None welcomed the king from that weary ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,

Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,

Stood weary,

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eying,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

"O steed — that every nerve didst strain,

Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain

To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Caroline Norton

EL-AZREK

My only sequin served to bribe
A cunning mother of the tribe
To Mariam's mind my plan to bring.
A feather of the wild dove's wing,
A lock of raven gloss and stain
Sheared from El-Azrek's flowing mane,
And that pale flower whose fragrant cup
Is closed until the moon comes up, —
But then a tenderer beauty holds
Than any flower the sun unfolds, —
Declared my purpose. Her reply
Let loose the winds of ecstasy:
Two roses and the moonlight flower
Told the acceptance, and the hour, —
Two daily suns to waste their glow,
And then, at moonrise, bliss — or woe!

El-Azrek now, on whom alone
The burden of our fate was thrown,
Claimed from my hands a double meed
Of careful training for the deed.
I gave him of my choicest store, —
No guest was ever honored more.
With flesh of kid, with whitest bread
And dates of Egypt was he fed;
The camel's heavy udders gave
Their frothy juice his thirst to lave:
A charger groomed with better care,
The Sultan never rode to prayer.

My burning hope, my torturing fear,
I breathed in his sagacious ear;

Caressed him as a brother might,
Implored his utmost speed in flight,
Hung on his neck with many a vow,
And kissed the white star on his brow.
His large and lustrous eyeball sent
A look which made me confident,
As if in me some doubt he spied,
And met it with a human pride.
"Enough, I trust thee. 'T is the hour,
And I have need of all thy power.
Without a wing, God gives thee wings,
And fortune to thy forelock clings."

The yellow moon was rising large
Above the desert's dusky marge,
And save the jackal's whining moan,
And distant camel's gurgling groan,
And the lamenting monotone
Of winds that breathe their vain desire
And on the lonely sands expire,
A silent charm, a breathless spell,
Waited with me beside the well.
She is not there, — not yet, — but soon
A white robe glimmers in the moon.
Her little footsteps make no sound
On the soft sand; and with a bound,
Where terror, doubt, and love unite
To blind her heart to all but flight
Trembling, and panting, and oppressed,
She threw herself upon my breast.
By Allah! like a bath of flame
The seething blood tumultuous came
From life's hot center as I drew
Her mouth to mine: our spirits grew

Together in one long, long kiss, —
One swooning, speechless pulse of bliss,
That throbbing from the heart's core, met
In the united lips. Oh, yet
The eternal sweetness of that draught
Renews the thirst with which I quaffed
Love's virgin vintage: starry fire
Leapt from the twilights of desire,
And in the golden dawn of dreams
The space grew warm with radiant beams,
Which from that kiss streamed o'er a sea
Of rapture, in whose bosom we
Sank down and sank eternally.

Now nerve thy limbs, El-Azrek! Fling
Thy head aloft, and like a wing
Spread on the wind thy cloudly mane!
The hunt is on, their stallions strain
Their urgent shoulders close behind,
And the wide nostril drinks the wind.
But thou art, too, of Nedjid's breed,
My brother! and the falcon's speed
Aslant the storm's advancing line
Would laggard be if matched with thine.
Still leaping forward, whistling through
The moonlight-laden air we flew;
And from the distance threateningly,
Came the pursuer's eager cry.

Still forward, forward, stretched our flight
Through the long hours of middle night;
One after one the followers lagged,
And even my faithful Azrek flagged

Beneath his double burden, till
The streaks of dawn began to fill
The East, and freshening in the race,
Their goaded horses gained apace.
I drew my dagger, cut the girth,
Tumbled my saddle to the earth,
And clasped with desperate energies
My stallion's side, with iron knees;
While Mariam, clinging to my breast,
The closer for that peril pressed.
They come! They come! Their shouts we hear,
Now faint and far, now fierce and near.
O brave El-Azrek! on the track
Let not one fainting sinew slack,
Or know thine agony of flight
Endured in vain! The purple light
Of breaking morn has come at last.
O joy! the thirty leagues are past;
And, gleaming in the sunrise, see,
The white tents of the Aneyzee!
The warriors of the waste, the foes
Of Shekh Abdallah's tribe, are those
Whose shelter and support I claim,
Which they bestow in Allah's name;
While, wheeling back, the baffled few
No longer venture to pursue.

Bayard Taylor

NO REST FOR THE HORSE

There's a union for teamster and waiter,
There's a union for cabman and cook,
There's a union for hobo and preacher,
And one for detective and crook.

There's a union for blacksmith and painter,
There is one for the printer, of course;
But where would you go in this realm of woe
To discover a guild for the horse?
He can't make a murmur in protest,
Though they strain him both up and down
hill,

Or force him to work twenty hours
At the whim of some drunken brute's will.
Look back at our struggle for freedom —
Trace our present day's strength to its source,
And you'll find that man's pathway to glory
Is strewn with the bones of the horse.

The mule is a fool under fire;
The horse, although frightened, stands true,
And he'd charge into hell without flinching
'T wixt the knees of the trooper he knew.

When the troopers grow old they are pensioned,
Or a berth or a home for them found;
When horse is worn out they condemn him
And sell him for nothing a pound.

Just think, the old pet of some trooper,
Once curried and rubbed twice a day,
Now drags some damned ragpicker's wagon,
With curses and blows for his pay.

I once knew a grand king of racers,
The best of a cup-winning strain;
They ruined his knees on a hurdle,
For his rider's hat covered no brain.

I met him again, four years later,
On his side at the foot of a hill,
With two savages kicking his ribs,
And doing their work with a will.

I stroked the once velvety muzzle,
I murmured the old name again.
He once filled my purse with gold dollars;
And this day I bought him for ten.
His present address is "Sweet Pastures,"
He has nothing to do but to eat;
Or loaf in the shade on the green, velvet
grass
And dream of the horses he beat.
Now, a dog — well, a dog has a limit;
After standing for all that's his due,
He'll pack up his duds some dark evening
And shine out for scenes which are new.
But a horse, once he's used to his leather,
Is much like the old-fashioned wife:
He may not be proud of his bargain,
But still he'll be faithful through life.
And I envy the merciful teamster
Who can stand at the bar and say:
"Kind Lord, with the justice I dealt my horse,
Judge Thou my soul to-day."

Anonymous

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly
by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged
speed,
I may not mount on thee again — thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof — snuff not the
breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind!
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath
his gold —
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell — thou'rt
sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile
must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the
stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn
and bed prepare;
The silk mane that I braided once must be another's
care.

The morning sun shall dawn again — but never-
more with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were
wont to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the
sandy plain
Some other steed with slower pace shall bear me
home again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright —
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and
light;

And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or
cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed!

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand
may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy in-
dignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each
starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? if I thought — but no, it can-
not be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so
free.
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone this lonely heart
should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now command
thee to return?

“Return!” alas, my Arab steed! what will thy mas-
ter do,
When thou that wast his all of joy hast vanished
from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and
through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage
appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam with wearied foot
alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft
hast borne me on,
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and
sadly think,
“ 'T was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I
saw him drink.”

When last I saw thee drink? — Away! the fevered
dream is o'er!
I could not live a day and know that we should meet
no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful — for hunger's
power is strong —
They tempted me, my beautiful — but I have loved
too long —

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that
thou wert sold?
'T is false, 't is false, my Arab steed! I fling them
back their gold!
Thus — thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the
distant plains!
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his
pains.

Caroline Norton

BAVIÉCA

The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true:
Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence
due:

“O King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside

The liege lord of Castile himself should Baviéca ride:

“For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring

So good as he, and certès, the best befits my king.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,

I’ll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor.”

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,

On Baviéca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and ’round and ’round, so fierce was his career,

Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz’ minivere.

And all that saw them praised them, — they lauded man and horse,

As matchèd well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;

Ne’er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,

Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,

He snapped in twain his hither rein; — “God pity now the Cid!

God pity Diaz!" cried the lords; — but when they
looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of
his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling, with gesture firm and
calm,
Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a
lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the
King; —
But "No!" said Don Alphonso, "It were a shame-
ful thing
That peerless Baviéca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar, — mount, mount again,
my Cid!"

John Gibson Lockhart
(Translated from the Spanish)

THE GLORY OF THE HORSE

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou
clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his
strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither
turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering
spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and

rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

The Book of Job

A PICTURE

Look, when a painter would surpass the life

In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril
wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender
hide:

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. ¹⁴

Shakespeare

A HORSE'S EPITAPH

Soft lies the turf on those who find their rest
Beneath our common mother's ample breast,
Unstained by meanness, avarice, or pride;
They never cheated, and they never lied.

They ne'er intrigued a rival to dispose;
They ran, but never betted on the race;
Content with harmless sport and simple food,
Boundless in faith and love and gratitude;
Happy the man, if there be any such, —
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.

Lord Sherbrooke

FROM THE WRECK

“Turn out, boys” — “What’s up with our super
to-night?”

The man’s mad — Two hours to daybreak I’d
swear —

Stark mad — why, there is n’t a glimmer of light.”

“Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young
mare;

Look sharp! A large vessel lies jamm’d on the
reef,

And many on board still, and some wash’d on
shore.

Ride straight with the news — they may send some
relief

From the township; and we — we can do little
more.

You, Alec, you know the near cuts; you can
cross

‘The Sugarloaf’ ford with a scramble, I think;
Don’t spare the blood filly, nor yet the black
horse;

Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship
will soon sink.

Old Peter’s away down the paddock, to drive

The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can —
A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive.”

Half-dressed, in the dark to the stockyard we ran.

There was bridling with hurry, and saddling with
haste,

Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon:

“Be quick with these buckles, we’ve no time to
waste”;

“Mind the mare, she can use her hind legs to
some tune.”

“Make sure of the crossing-place; strike the old
track,

They’ve fenced off the new one; look out for the
holes

On the wombat hills.” “Down with the slip rails;
stand back.”

“And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for your
souls.”

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,

In the long grasses spoiling with deadwood that
day,

Where the blackwood, the box, and bastard oak
grew,

Between the tall gum trees we gallop’d away —

We crash’d through a brush fence, we splash’d
through a swamp —

We steered for the north near “The Eagle-
hawk’s Nest” —

We bore to the left, just beyond “The Red Camp.”

And round the black tea-tree belt wheel’d to the
west —

We cross'd a low range sickly-scented with musk
From the wattle-tree blossom — we skirted a
marsh —

Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the
dusk,

And peal'd overhead the jay's laughter note
harsh,

And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon
The dim, dewy uplands were dreamy with light,
And full on our left flash'd "The Reedy Lagoon,"
And sharply "The Sugarloaf" rear'd on our
right.

A smother'd curse broke through the bushman's
brown beard,

He turn'd in his saddle, his brick-color'd cheek
Flush'd feebly with sun-dawn, said, "Just what I
fear'd;

Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the
creek."

Black Bolingbroke snorted, and stood on the brink
One instant, then deep in the dark, sluggish
swirl

Plunged headlong. I saw the horse suddenly sink,
Till round the man's armpits the waves seem'd to
curl.

We follow'd, — one cold shock, and deeper we sank
Than they did, and twice tried the landing in
vain;

The third struggle won it, straight up the steep
bank

We stagger'd, then out on the skirts of the
plain.

The stock-rider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout; 't was his
boast,

That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a
shot,

And the black horse was counted the best on the
coast.

The mare had been awkward enough in the dark,
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half
broke;

She had had me too close to a big stringy-bark,
And had made a near thing of a crooked she-oak;

But now on the open, lit up by the morn,
She flung the white foamflakes from nostril to
neck,

And chased him — I hatless, with shirtsleeves all
torn

(For he may ride ragged who rides from a
wreck) —

And faster and faster across the wide heath

We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her head,
And she — stretching out with the bit in her teeth —
She caught him, outpaced him, and passed him,
and led.

We neared the new fence; we were wide of the
track;

I look'd right and left — she had never been
tried

At a stiff leap. 'T was little he cared on the black.

“ You're more than a mile from the gateway,” he
cried.

I hung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs
(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap);
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her
sharp ears,

She flung it behind her with hardly a rap —
I saw the post quiver where Bolingbroke struck,
And guessed that the pace we had come the last
mile

Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a buck).
We galloped more steadily then for a while.

The heath was soon pass'd, in the dim distance
lay

The mountain. The sun was just clearing the
tips
Of the ranges to eastward. The mare — could she
stay?

She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse;
She led, and as oft as he came to her side,
She took the bit free and untiring as yet,
Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were
wide,

And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met —
“You’re lighter than I am,” said Alec at last,
“The horse is dead beat and the mare is n’t
blown,

She must be a good one — ride on and ride fast,
You know your way now.” So I rode on alone.

Still galloping forward we pass’d the two flocks
At MacIntyre’s hut and MacAllister’s hill —
She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks —
On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still —

And over the wasteland and under the wood,
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
She gallop'd, and here, in the stirrups I stood
To ease her, and there, in the saddle I sat
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam
Of the track near the troughs — then she reeled
on the rise —
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes,
A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed —
A bend round a bank that had shut out the view —
Large framed in the mild light the mountain had
loom'd
With a tall, purple peak bursting out from the
blue.

I pull'd her together, I press'd her, and she
Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle-flaps
hard.
Yet a mile and another, and now we were near
The goal, and the fields and the farms flitted
past,
And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,
For a green, grass-fed mare 't was a far thing and
fast;
And labourers, roused by her galloping hoofs,
Saw bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted steed;
And shone the white walls and the slate-covered
roofs
Of the township. I steadied her then — I had
need —

Where stood the old chapel (where stands the new
church —

Since chapels to churches have changed in that
town).

A short, sidelong stagger, a long, forward lurch,
A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone
down.

I slipped off the bridle, I slackened the girth,
I ran on and left her and told them my news;
I saw her soon afterwards. What was she worth?
How much for her hide? She had never worn
shoes.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three; •
“ Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew,
“ Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that
glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, " Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the
quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and
sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
 wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent) ·
Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent.

Robert Browning

LORRAINE

“Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine,
 Lorraine, Lorree?
You’re booked to ride your capping race to-day at
 Coulterlee,
You’re booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to
 see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win
 the run for me.”

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine,
 Lorraine, Lorree:
“Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the
 blank for me,
It’s you may keep your baby, for you’ll get no keep
 from me.”

“That husbands could be cruel,” said Lorraine,
 Lorraine, Lorree,
“That husbands could be cruel, I have known for
 seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last, for all the
 world to see?”

She mastered young Vindictive — oh! the gallant
lass was she! —
And she kept him straight, and won the race, as
near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard wil-
low tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook — the brute! — for
all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine,
Lorree.

Charles Kingsley

THE BALLAD OF HADJI AND THE BOAR

As I rode over the dusty waste
My dainty Arab's hoof-strokes traced
Glad rhythms in my mind,
Which seemed to murmur unto me
How he and I were lone and free
As wide Sahara's wind.

My heart beat high — the sun was bright —
And, as a beacon's startling light
Proclaims a threatening war,
My burnished lance-point met the glare
And flashed and sparkled in the air —
A pale and glancing star.

I saw a hawk pass hovering
Through the azure heights, on balanced wing;
Its shadow fell down sheer
Upon my path, then onwards sped,
Smoother than gliding skaters tread
A fastly frozen mere.

Thus heedless I, when suddenly
My Hadji broke the reverie
By stamping on the ground,
Whilst from a brake where grasses rank
Embraced the margin of a tank,
There came a rustling sound:

No long suspense; — his bloodshot eyes
Aflame with sullen fierce surprise —
Stepped out a grisly boar;
His gloomy aspect seemed to say —
“ No other has the right to stray
Along this marsh-bound shore.”

Now I had seen the life blood gush
From many a boar of nine-inch tush,
And so had Hadji too;
But never I ween had we either seen
So great a beast, so gaunt and lean,
So ugly to the view.

With others by to help at need,
Or give success applausive meed,
'T is easy to be brave;
But when a man must do alone
Each danger seems more dismal grown;
Each petty ditch a grave.

And so — although the spear-point dropped —
As still as effigy I stopped,
Nor gave my steed the spur;
The more I looked, more gruesome grew
This king of all the swinish crew;
More prudence made demur.

But, as I hung in anguished doubt,
The marsh-born tyrant turned about,
As weary of the play;
He turned and dashed adown the glade
(No phantom now or goblin shade)
The well-known grisly gray:

And doubt no more distressed my mind;
In twenty years I'd never find
Such trophy to my lance,
For turning he had let me see
His tusks gigantic — shame 't would be
If I had lost the chance.

I dropped my hand; when Hadji knew
The slackened rein away he flew
Across the belt of ooze;
The slim reeds rustled — till he sprang
Out on the plain whose surface rang
Beneath his iron shoes.

To left, to right, the wanton shied
At shadows, as in lusty pride
He rolled his dark fierce eye;
Or gazing at our grim pursuit
He'd lay his ears back at the brute
And snort full savagely.

As minutes came, and lived, and went,
Ever the monster backward sent
The pebbles in my face;
Yet, when an hour was spent — at length
He seemed to fail in speed and strength
And nearer drew the chase.

But lo! the impetuous Ravi ran
Before us; not a means to span
Its fiercely rushing stream;
The boar sprang in — we never checked —
And followed ere the foam that flecked
His plunge had ceased to gleam.

Above our heads the yellow wave
Triumphant for an instant drave,
Then gaping gave us day;
It gave us day, and snorting loud
Bold Hadji stemmed the whirling crowd
Of surges topped with spray,

* * *

But short as seemed the time we'd lost,
Long was the space of ground it cost.
Not to be covered soon;
For distant dim the monster grim
Now flitted faint against the rim
Of the uprising moon.

Yes — like a bubble filled with smoke —
The curd-white moon upswimming broke
The vacancy of space,
Whilst sinking slowly at my back
The sun breathed blood stains on the rack
Which veiled his dying face.

On, on, again: the snow-fed flood
Had cooled the monster's heated blood,
And fresh and strong he fled;
An aged peasant crossed his path;
He turned upon him in his wrath,
And left him there for dead.

The wretch implored me to remain
And staunch his wound — but all in vain —
I laughed to see his plight;
*For I was glad the boar had stayed
To wound the man, and so delayed
His headlong rapid flight.*

And Hadji wearied not a whit,
For stretching free he'd take the bit
And hold it, or would fling
A foam-flake from his tossing head,
To glitter on his mane's silk thread,
Whilst ever galloping.

Ere long the arid landscape changed;
A painter's eye had gladly ranged
Amidst its varied hue; —
For far as mortal eye could reach,
As close as pebbles on the beach
Bright poppy flowers blew.

* * *

The crimson of the flowing west
In fainter ruddy shadows dressed
The mounting eastern moon;
The slender-pillared palm-tree stems
Were sky-tinged too, as though from gems
Of garnet they were hewn.

Hadji no longer fought the hand
Which forced his fleetness to command,
Or snorted to the breeze;
His breaths were choked with piteous sobs,
And I could feel his heart's wild throbs
Between my close-set knees.

His glossy coat no longer shone
 Red golden as he galloped on,
 And on! without a check;
 Dank sweat had rusted it to black
 Save where the reins had chafed a track
 Of snow along his neck.

The deepening twilight scarce revealed
 Where flights of shadowy night-birds wheeled
 And shrieking greeted us,
 But never should my fixèd soul
 Forsake the fast-approaching goal,
 For omens timorous.

The jackals woke and like a rout
 Of hell-loosed fiends, their eldritch shout
 Was borne upon the breeze —
Ai! Ai! Ou! Ai! — a ghoulisn scream,
 And yet half-human, like a dream
 Of mortal agonies.

As I closed on that evil beast
 The champèd froth like creamy yeast
 Be-streaked his grizzled hide;
 And like a small and smould'ring brand
 His eye back-glancing ever scanned
 Me creeping to his side.

Ha! Ha! He turned to charge and fight;
 I shouted out for pure delight,
 And drove my spear-point in.
 Clean through his body passed the steel —
 I held him off — I made him reel —
 Like chafer on a pin.

An instant so — then through the womb
Of night I galloped, and the gloom
Of jungles lone and drear; —
But I had stricken, stricken home,
For on my hand his bloody foam
Had left a purple smear.

So circling back, I peered around,
And, by the moon, too soon I found
The grisly brute at bay;
His back was to a thorny tree,
I looked at him, and he at me; —
There one of us would stay.

'T was still as death — we charged together,
And in the dim and sightless weather
I struck him, but not true:
He seized the lance-shaft in his jaw
And split it as it were a straw,
Instead of good bamboo.

Then swift as thought the brute accursed,
Made fiercely in — at Hadji first —
Who much disdained to fly:
The little Arab shuddering stood —
Then fell — as monarchs of the wood
When cruel axes ply.

Ere I could rise, his tusk had cut
All down my back a gaping rut. —
He gashed me deep and sore:
No weapon armed me for the strife,
But rage can fight without a knife,
I sprang upon the boar.

The thorn stretched out its sable claws,
And nodded with a black applause!
With fierce sepulchral glee
Three plantains whispered in a rank,
And clapped their fingers long and lank —
A ghostly gallery.

Above him now — then fallen beneath,
I tore him madly with my teeth,
Nor loosed my frantic hold;
One finger searched the spear-head hole
And dug there like a frightened mole
'Neath skin and fleshy fold:

I clung around his sinewy crest;
He leaped, but could not yet divest
Himself of his alarm.
I hung as close as keepsake locket
On maiden breast — but, from its socket,
He wrenched my bridle-arm!

No more could I, and with a curse
I yielded to a last reverse,
And dropped upon the sand.
He glowered o'er me — then drew back
To make more headlong the attack
Which nothing should withstand.

But, even then, he chanced to pass
The spot where dying lay — alas! —
Brave Hadji — desert-born;
Not e'en that bristled front was proof
Against the Arab's armèd hoof —
His brains festooned the thorn.

Then I arose, all dripping red,
And gazed on him I oft had fed,
And wept to see him low:
No more he'd gallop in his pride —
No mortal man would e'er bestride
Poor Hadji here below.

He died amidst those jungles tangled;
I staggered on all torn and mangled,
Gasping for painful breath;
And when, beneath that placid moon,
My spirit left me in a swoon,
I'd known the worst of death.

Ian Hamilton

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,

Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

“ O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this danger through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou!

“ Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman’s hair thy mane,
 Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!”

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
 Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air’s embrace
 Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o’er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
 Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
 Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan’s tasseled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
 Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
 As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath!
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he; "in all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

Henry W. Longfellow

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, " Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town, —
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinei's tread,

The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and bloats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore, walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry W. Longfellow

TRACK AND FIELD

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

“ Ay, squire,” said Stevens, “ they back him at evens;

The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweeter

Than ever — he swears he can win all the way.

“ A gentleman rider — well, I’m an outsider,

But if he’s a gent, who the mischief’s a jock?

You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,

He rides, too, like thunder — he sits like a rock.

“ He calls ‘ hunted fairly’ a horse that has barely

Been stripp’d for a trot within sight of the hounds,

A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,

And gave Abd-el-Kader at Aintree nine pounds.

“ They say we have no test to warrant a protest;

Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;

The light of their faces they show him — his case is

Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

“ But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,

She strides in her work clean away from The Drag,

You hold her and sit her, she could n’t be fitter,

Whenever you hit her she’ll spring like a stag.

“ And p'rhaps the green jacket, at odds though they
back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may just win the
Cup.”

Dark-brown, with tan muzzle, just stripped for the
tussle,
Stood Iseult, just arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunctions, bestow'd with great
unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

“ Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello!
Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn 'round on The
Drag!

Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tar-
tan!

So, steady there, easy,” and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mer-
maid,

Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-
bound,

The crack half extended look'd bloodlike and
splendid,

Held wide on the right where the headland was
sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last
year

Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floor'd Monk and Blue-
bottle;

The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and
ditch,

The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire
Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Spar-
row,

And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone
wall;

And Giles on The Grayling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
Until the black bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a
scramble —

My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein
tighter —

Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white
foam,

Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she shat-
tered —

We landed on turf with our heads turn'd for home.

Then crash'd a low binder, and then close behind
her

The sword to the strokes of the favourite shook,
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shorten'd her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught
her,

The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit,
She rose when The Clown did — our silks as we
bounded

Brush'd lightly, our stirrups clash'd loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping —
The last — we diverged round the base of the hill,
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogg'd up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter and on still I brought her
And, up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew,
A short prayer from Neville just reach'd me, "The
Devil!"

He mutter'd — lock'd level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd career-
ing,

All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely
heard,

“The green wins!” “The crimson!” The multi-
tude swims on,

And figures are blended and features are blurr’d.

“The horse is her master!” “The green forges
past her!”

“The Clown will outlast her!” “The Clown
wins!” “The Clown!”

The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On, still, past the gateway she strains in the
straightway,

Still struggles, “The Clown by a short neck at
most,”

He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks
and surges,

And flashes, and verges, and flits the white
post.

Ay! so ends the tussle, — I knew the tan muzzle

Was first, though the ring-men were yelling
“Dead heat!”

A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said, “The
mare by

A short head.” And that’s how the favourite was
beat.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

HOW SALVATOR WON

The gate was thrown open, I rode out alone,
More proud than a monarch who sits on a throne;
I am but a jockey, but shout upon shout
Went up from the people who watched me ride out.
And the cheers that rang forth from the warm-
hearted crowd
Were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er
bowed.

My heart thrilled with pleasure, so keen it was pain,
As I patted my Salvator's soft, silken mane;
And a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand
As we passed by the multitude down to the stand.
The great waves of cheering came billowing back,
As the hoofs of brave Tenny ran swift down the
track;

And he stood there beside us, all bone and all
muscle.

Our noble opponent, well trained for the tussle
That waited us there on the smooth, shining course.

My Salvator, fair to the lovers of horse,
As a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight —
Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean limbed and
bright,
Stood taking the plaudits as only his due
And nothing at all unexpected or new.

And then there before us the bright flag is spread,
There's a roar from the grand stand, and Tenny's
ahead;

At the sound of the voices that shouted "a go!"
He sprang like an arrow shot straight from the
bow;
I tighten the reins on Prince Charlie's great son,
He is off like a rocket, the race is begun.
Half way down the furlong, their heads are together,
Scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a
feather.
Past grand stand and judges, in neck-to-neck strife,
Ah, Salvator, boy! 't is the race of your life.

I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge —
I feel him go out with a leap and a surge;
I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride;
While backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside.
We are nearing the turn, the first quarter is
passed —
'Twixt leader and chaser the daylight is cast;
The distance elongates, still Tenny sweeps on,
As graceful and free-limbed and swift as a
fawn,
His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all
strained,
A noble opponent, well born and well trained.

I glanced o'er my shoulder; ha! Tenny, the cost
Of that one second's flagging will be — the race
lost,
One second's weak yielding of courage and strength,
And the daylight between us has doubled its
length.

The first mile is covered, the race is mine — no!

For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow.
He shoots through the air like a ball from a gun,
And the two lengths between us are shortened to
one.

My heart is contracted, my throat feels a lump —

For Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's rump;
And now, with new courage, grows bolder and
bolder.

I see him once more running shoulder to shoulder,
With knees, hands and body I press my great
steed,

I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to heed!
Oh, Salvator! Salvator! List to my calls,

For blow of my whip will hurt both if it falls.
There's a roar from the crowd like the ocean in
storm,

As close to my saddle leaps Tenny's great form;
One more mighty plunge, and, with knee, limb and
hand,

I lift my horse first by a nose past the stand;
We are under the string now — the great race is
done —

And Salvator, Salvator, Salvator won!

Cheer, hoar-headed patriarchs; cheer loud, I say;

'T is the race of the century witnessed to-day!
Though ye live twice the space that's allotted to
men,

Ye never will see such a grand race again.
Let the shouts of the populace roar like the surf,
For Salvator, Salvator, king of the turf!

He has rivaled the record of thirteen long years,
 He has won the first place in the vast line of
 peers;
 'T was a neck-to-neck contest, a grand, honest race,
 And even his enemies grant him the place;
 Down into the dust let old records be hurled,
 And hang out 2:05 to the gaze of the world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

PEDIGREES

The stock farms are booming,
 The stable boys grooming,
 The new silken coats on the trotters crop out,
 The horses are neighing,
 The frisky colts playing,
 The spring is just throwing her bouquets about.

The horse kings are praising
 The stock they are raising,
 They tell you each strain is the best in the land;
 And of course you agree,
 All the points you can see —
 But how each is best you cannot understand.

When you leave the great stable
 You're smart if you're able
 To step back and give one correct pedigree,
 For the dams on the sire's side
 And the sires on the dam's side
 Are mixed so you can't tell one dam that you
 see.

Em. Pierce

THE RACE OF THE YEAR

Come down to the Derby, come down to the race,
Come down to the downs with a smile on your
face.

In spite of the rain and the absence of sun,
There's something to see in Isonomy's son;
You'll find some good fellows and lots of good
cheer,

It's always the case at the race of the year.

A wonderful sight is this wonderful course
To all who profess a regard for the horse.
Just look at the crowd from the bend of the land,
Like bees in a swarm all about the grand stand.
The roar of the voices that falls on the ear
Has a wonderful sound at the race of the year.

You've plenty of choice if you look for a nag;
See the blood-looking team come along with the
drag.

Each horse in his place as he faces the hill,
Breaks into a gallop and moves with a will.
The broken-down hunter tied up in the rear
Hears the sound of the horn at the race of the
year.

But now to the paddock, the crowd is select,
Some come to be seen and some come to inspect
Two sons of St. Simon, two sons of Ben d'Or,
While Energy's offspring shows well to the fore;
This Gouverneur fills us with feelings of fear,
Sent over from France for the race of the year.

There's something un-Common (forgive me the
pun)

In Alington's brown, good Isonomy's son;
They've entered the horse in the baronet's name,
But both have a share in his fall or his fame;
The favourite was bred by the Dorsetshire peer,
He looks like the nag for the race of the year.

"They're off!" at the fall of the flag, with a
speed

That tries the condition of those in the lead.
They're off, in the teeth of the wind and the rain
That sweeps over Surrey's historical plain.
In passing the furzes it seems to be clear
The Deemster is out of the race of the year.

And after the Corner the shouting is loud
When Stirling's two grandsons came out of the
crowd,

And Common and Gouverneur stealing away
Show the Birdcatcher line has a value to-day;
But Common comes up as the multitude cheer,
And adds to his record the race of the year.

We're proud of the Derby, we're proud of the
breed

Of horses that go with such wonderful speed;
We're proud of the men who are honest and
straight

In riding and racing and try to create
True sport, in the sense that is highest and dear
To England, whose pride is this race of the year.

W. Phillpotts Williams

TEN BROECK

Ole man Harper's gone to rest,
Sleepin' whar' the bluegrass blows.
On the upland's verdant crest,
Whar' the merry daisy grows;
Ten Broeck's slab of marble white
Glistens 'neath the golden sun,
By the paddock, whar' the might
And glory of his fame begun.

Love that race hoss? Time o' day!
Harper loved him like a child,
And the first quick tremblin' neigh
Ringin' from the woodland wild
Fell upon ole Harper's ear
Like a strain of music sweet,
Were n't no music he could hear
Like the tread of race-hoss feet.

Yes, I saw that four-mile run
Down at Louisville in July,
Hot? — it seemed the brilin' sun
Flamed the clouds along the sky.
Ten Broeck, white with lathered foam,
Like an eagle cut the air,
Brought his colors safely home,
Writ his name in history there.

Ole Kentucky saw that day
All her native pride retained,
Could n't hold her joy in sway
When they knowed the race was gained —

Ole man Harper's gone to rest,
Sleepin' whar' the bluegrass blows, —
Ten Broeck's slab is on the crest
Whar' the merry daisy grows.

James Tandy Ellis

THE FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP

You may lift me up in your arms, lad, and turn my
face to the sun,
For a last look back at the dear old track where the
Jubilee cup was won;
And draw your chair to my side, lad — no, thank ye,
I feel no pain —
For I'm going out with the tide, lad; but I'll tell you
the tale again.

I'm seventy-nine or nearly, and my head it has long
turned gray,
But it all comes back as clearly as though it was
yesterday —
The dust, and the bookies shouting around the
clerk of the scales,
And the clerk of the course, and the nob's in force,
and 'Is 'Ighness the Prince o' Wales.

'T was a nine-hole thresh to wind'ard (but none of
us cared for that),
With a straight run home to the service tee, and a
finish along the flat,

“Stiff?” ah, well you may say it! Spot barred, and
at five stone ten!

But at two and a bisque I’d ha’ run the risk; for I
was a greenhorn then.

So we stripped to the B. race signal, the old red
swallowtail —

There was young Ben Bolt and the Portland Colt,
and Aston Villa, and Yale;

And W. G., and Steinitz, Leander and The
Saint,

And the German Emperor’s Meteor, a-looking as
fresh as paint;

John Roberts (scratch), and Safety Match, The
Lascar, and Lorna Doone,

Oom Paul (a bye), and Romany Rye, and me upon
Wooden Spoon;

And some of us cut for partners, and some of us
strung for baulk,

And some of us tossed for stations — But there,
what use to talk!

Three-quarter-back on the Kingsclere crack was
station enough for me,

With a fresh jackyarder blowing and the Vicarage
goal a-lee!

And I leaned and patted her centre-bit and eased
the quid in her cheek

With a “Soh, my lass!” and a “Whoa, you brute!”
— for she could do all but speak.

She was geared a thought too high, perhaps; she
was trained a trifle fine;

But she had the grand reach forward! I never saw
such a line!

Smooth-bored, clean run, from her fiddle head with
its dainty ear half-cock,

Hard-bit, *pur sang*, from her overhang to the heel
of her off hind sock.

Sir Robert he walked beside me as I worked her
down to the mark;

"There's money on this, my lad," said he, "and
most of 'em's running dark;

But ease the sheet if you're bunkered, and pack
the scrimmages tight,

And use your slide at the distance, and we'll drink
to your health to-night!"

But I bent and tightened my stretcher. Said I to
myself, said I —

"John Jones, this here is the Jubilee cup, and you
have to do or die."

And the words were n't hardly spoken when the
umpire shouted "Play!"

And we all kicked off from the Gasworks End with
a "Yoicks!" and a "Gone Away!"

And at first I thought of nothing, as the clay flew by
in lumps,

But stuck to the old Ruy Lopez, and wondered
who'd call for trumps,

And luffed her close to the cushion, and watched
each one as it broke,
And in triple file up the Rowley Mile we went like a
trail of smoke.

The Lascar made the running, but he did n't
amount to much,
For old Oom Paul was quick on the ball, and headed
it back to touch;
And the whole first flight led off with the right as
The Saint took up the pace,
And drove it clean to the putting green and trumped
it there with an ace.

John Roberts had given a miss in baulk, but Villa
cleared with a punt;
And keeping her service hard and low the Meteor
forged to the front;
With Romany Rye to windward at dormy and two
to play,
And Yale close up — but a Jubilee cup is n't run for
every day.

We laid our course for the Warner — I tell you the
pace was hot!
And again off Tattenham Corner a blanket covered
the lot.
Check side! Check side! now steer her wide!
and barely an inch of room,
With The Lascar's tail over our lee rail and brush-
ing Leander's boom.

We were running as strong as ever — eight knots
— but it could n't last;
For the spray and the bails were flying, the whole
field tailing fast;
And the Portland Colt had shot his bolt, and Yale
was bumped at Doves,
And The Lascar resigned to Steinitz, stalemated in
fifteen moves.

It was “ bellows to mend ” with Roberts — starred
three for a penalty kick:
But he chalked his cue and gave 'em the butt, and
Oom Paul marked the trick —
“ Offside — No Ball — and at fourteen all! Mark
Cock! and two for his nob!”
When W. G. ran clean through his lee and beat
him twice with a lob.

He yorked him twice on a crumbling pitch and
wiped his eye with a brace,
But his guy-rope split with the strain of it and he
dropped back out of the race;
And I drew a bead on the Meteor's lead, and chal-
lenging none too soon,
Bent over and patted her garboard strake, and
called upon Wooden Spoon.

She was all of a shiver forward, the spoondrift thick
on her flanks,
But I'd brought her an easy gambit, and nursed her
over the banks;

She answered her helm — the darling! and woke up
now with a rush,
While the Meteor's jock, he sat like a rock — he
knew we rode for his brush.

There was no one else left in it. The Saint was
using his whip,
And Safety Match, with a lofting catch, was pock-
eted deep at slip;
And young Ben Bolt with his niblick took miss at
Leander's lunge,
But topped the net with the ricochet, and Steinitz
threw up the sponge.

But none of the lot could stop the rot — nay, don't
ask me to stop!
The Villa had called for lemons, Oom Paul had
taken his drop,
And both were kicking the referee. Poor fellow! he
done his best;
But, being in doubt, he'd ruled them out — which
he always did when pressed.

So inch by inch, I tightened the winch, and chucked
the sand bags out —
I heard the nursery cannons pop, I heard the book-
ies shout:
“The Meteor wins!” “No, Wooden Spoon!”
“Check!” “Vantage!” “Leg Before!”
“Last Lap!” “Pass Nap!” At his saddle-flap, I
put up the helm and wore.

You may overlap at the saddle-flap and yet be
loo'd on the tape,
And it all depends upon changing ends, how a seven-
year-old will shape;
It was tack and tack to the Lepe and back, — a fair
ding-dong to the Ridge,
And he led by his forward canvas yet as we shot
'neath Hammersmith Bridge.

He led by his forward canvas — he led from his
strongest suit —
But along we went on a roaring scent, and at Faw-
ley I gained a foot.
He fisted off with his jigger, and gave me his wash
— too late!
Deuce — Vantage — Check! By neck and neck we
rounded into the straight.

I could hear the “Conquering 'Ero” a-crashing on
Godfrey's band,
And my hopes fell sudden to zero, just there, with
the race in hand —
In sight of the Turf's Blue Ribbon, in sight of the
umpire's tape,
And I felt the tack of her spinnaker c-r-rack! as I
heard the steam escape!

Had I lost at that awful juncture my presence of
mind? . . . but no!
I leaned and felt for the puncture, and plugged it
there with my toe . . .

Hand over hand by the Members' Stand I lifted
and eased her up,
Shot — clean and fair — to the crossbar there, and
landed the Jubilee cup!

“ The odd by a head, and leg before,” so the Judge
he gave the word:
And the umpire shouted “ Over!” but I neither
spoke not stirred.
They crowded 'round: for there on the ground I lay
in a dead-cold swoon
Pitched neck and crop on the turf atop of my beautiful
Wooden Spoon.

Her dewlap tire was punctured, her bearings all red
hot;
She'd a lolling tongue, and her bowsprit sprung,
and her running gear in a knot;
And amid the sobs of her backers, Sir Robert
loosened her girth
And led her away to the knacker's. She had raced
her last on earth!

But I mind me well of the tear that fell from the eye
of our noble Prince,
And the things he said as he tucked me in bed —
and I've lain there ever since;
Tho' it all gets mixed up queerly that happened
before my spill, —
But I drew a thousand yearly: it'll pay for the doctor's
bill.

I'm going out with the tide, lad — you'll dig me a
humble grave,
And whiles you will bring your bride, lad, and your
sons, if sons you have,
And there when the dews are weeping, and the
echoes murmur "Peace!"
And the salt, salt tide comes creeping and covers
the popping-crease;

In the hour when the ducks deposit their eggs with
a boasted force,
They'll look and whisper, "How was it?" and you'll
take them over the course,
And your voice will break as you try to speak of the
glorious first of June,
When the Jubilee cup, with John Jones up, was
won upon Wooden Spoon.

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch

THE TROTTING WONDERS OF 1889

As o'er old '89 the veil was dropped
That shut from view the past, tho' not forgot,
Old veterans in the years to come will read
Of '89, the year of wondrous speed.
Maud S., the queen, stood trembling in her stall,
In fear of baby three-year-old Sunol!
And Bonner, still, to keep the magic crown,
For safety thought, 't was better to come down
And buy the wonder ere she snatched the prize
That Maud still clutched before his welcome eyes.
Tho' Sunol is a marvel sure enough,
There're other youngsters, still within the rough,

Who yet may knock some seconds from the mark,
And leave famed Bonner's stable in the dark;
Axtell, the king, electrify the world —
Stamboul or Palo Alto take a whirl!
These wonders stand a very likely show
To stop the ticker just a notch below.
Among the wonders, which, say you, is best?
If you'll allow, I'll pick one from the nest —
I'll lay my hand on Axtell's infant head,
The greatest wonder yet alive or dead!
Maud S., you say, with Queen stamped on her brow,
And Axtell still to Sunol has to bow.
Yes, that we grant; but look the trainers o'er —
Was ever such a thing heard of before;
A novice in the art, breed, raise and drive
The fastest stallion that stands up alive,
And only three years old, when like a ghost
He tore the stallion record from the post?
It takes an expert to get all the speed
That's wrapped up in the fleetly-going steed.
Experience and skill in all things will excel,
And that is why Sunol has beat Axtell.
Time wins at last with all, no getting by it,
Although we never give up till we try it.
The trotting wonders seen in '89
Will brightly shine upon the page of time.

Em. Pierce

IN MEMORY OF NANCY HANKS

Dead is the famous Nancy,
One time Queen of the Trot,
That went against all comers
And got away with the lot.

Lot of the swiftest speeders
That ever hit the track,
But Nancy showed them her paces,
And set the whole bunch back.

Back to the common figures
Which mark the fastest stunt
Of their very best performance,
While Nancy went to the front.

Front of the trotting record
That turned all others down,
And placed on the time of Nancy
The Queen of the Trotters' crown.

Crown that she wore with honor
Through many a brilliant race,
And passed it on to the next one
Fitted to fill her place.

Place in the glory record,
Up there at the head,
Lit by the blazing turf-light,
Undimmed now she is dead.

Dead out there in Kentucky,
At rest in a bluegrass spot,
Where the lovers of all good horses
May lay a forget-me-not.

Will J. Lampton

THE RINGERS

Yes, I've traveled with a ringer,
Slept and drank and ate my dinner
In a box car with a winner,
 Going forty miles an hour;
And I've rubbed his quivering muscle
In between heats, in a tussle,
When he had to hump and hustle
 And show all his speed and power.

But that ringer was a wonder,
They could never knock him under,
Unless some one made a blunder,
 Or he might be "Wrong," you know!
But when in a "fit" condition,
Let him draw any old position,
He just seemed to know his mission
 When the word was given, — "go!"

When I'd take my seat behind him,
I would know just where to find him,
And I never used to mind him,
 If he scored a little rank;
For I knew he soon would settle,
Altho' full of game and mettle,
He would never chafe or nettle,
 For he was no trotting crank!

Oh, the name he trotted under,
Well, he sure had quite a number,
And I often had to wonder

What we 'd better call him next!
Sometimes we would dub him Hard Oaks,
Yes, some fellows thought him Small Hopes,
Then, again we named him Tough Spokes,
And he answered well the text.

One day we 'd trot, then ship him,
Three hundred miles we 'd slip him
Before again we 'd strip him
As a green one for the race;
It makes me blush to say it,
It's a dirty way to play it,
But the tariff — we must pay it,
And put on an honest face.

But at last, out West we got it,
When two Blue Bulls like a rocket
Ran and paced us in the pocket,
While the judges blandly smile;
To our claim of foul, they, winking,
Say according to their thinking,
I'm a crank, or been a-drinking,
Or I'm playing Eastern "style!"

But away once more we're going,
And the gang I think I'm showing
That they'll have a chance of blowing
Ere they head me in the race;
But I see a Blue Bull coming,
He's not trotting, neither running,
But with stride terrific, stunning,
That side-wheeler takes my place.

But the crowd all swear he's trotting,
And my protest goes for nothing,
All I get is hoots and scoffing,
 While I ask for justice there;
But the judges with a glimmer,
Say you pesky New York sinner,
That Blue Bull has beat your ringer,
 And he trotted fair and square.

Well, we thought we'd do no squealing
As our business, close to stealing,
Kinder soothed us in our feeling,
 And we shipped for home that day;
But that Indiana stinger,
Was the first and last dust slinger,
That played havoc with our ringer, —
 Which is all I have to say.

Em. Pierce

OUR HORSES

This is our English stable lad,
A curious mixture of good and bad —
But a way with a horse that would make you glad —
With his "thank you, sir!" and his "very good,"
His sure light hand and a head like wood;
He sits as only a horseman could,
In the saddle where he was bred.

Royally bred and quick as a cat,
A little light, but her bone is flat,
This Roman-nosed filly we're looking at.

She's three year old and I beg to state
You'd open your eyes if you saw the rate
That filly can step to a five-bar gate
And clear it out of her stride.

This chestnut mare is rising five;
I doubt if we ever will break her alive,
To go under saddle or even to drive —
It all depends on the way she feels.
She's mighty ticklish round the heels,
I'd rather be on her than over the wheels
When day-light shines on her shoes.

There's a big bay horse in the third loose box
With a coat like satin and three white socks,
Powerful stifle and clean-cut hocks —
A bold bright eye and a heart of gold,
A mouth as light as a child could hold —
He never knew wrong since the day he was foaled:
A hunter of high degree.

She can trot all day and be just the same;
In the show ring, too, she has made her name;
There's not a hair in her hide but is game.
The best of all till the last I save:
So strong, so honest, so gentle and brave,
She has paid us back every copper we gave —
The big brown mare at the end.

They are all sold now and I long in vain
To feel the pull on the bridle rein
Or hear the creak of a saddle again;

To handle a horse for his own sweet sake,
As he frets for his head while you give and
take,
Till you see a jump you know you can make,
Then loose him, and over he goes.

F. M. W.

THE FOXHUNTER'S DREAM

I sit and close my eyelids and I dream I see them
pass,
I seem to smell the perfume of the bracken and the
grass.
The stirring cries of hunting ring again throughout
my brain,
The longing that it rouses there is worse than any
pain.

Above the roar of London I can hear the voice of
hounds,
The cracking of the huntsman's whip and other
telling sounds.
The din of locomotion in the teeming busy street
Is changed into the patter of a fox's flying feet.

I dream I watch his progress as he scuds along the
ground,
And seem to know his purpose and the goal to
which he's bound.
And though his heart is bursting and his eyes are
red with rage,
He pushes on his journey, with defiance, stage by
stage.

He glares about him — dares not rest — they're
hot upon the scent!

They're coming! Ah, they're closer, and his
strength is nearly spent.

I grip my armchair handles with the sweat upon my
brow —

My sympathy is with the fox; I want to save him
now!

But hounds are running, noses down, at a terrific
rate,

The first red-coated rider neatly tops the five-
barred gate.

The huntsman rams the rowels in and grips his
saddle tight;

Behind him streams the eager field — it is a thrill-
ing sight!

And far down yonder em'rald slope a little moving
speck

Holds ev'ry eye and ev'ry heart; they're gaining
neck by neck.

The thundering of hoofs rings out and hounds are
screaming shrill,

That little fox, he's made of grit — he's leading!
leading still!

* * *

Then with a start the vision's gone! Dull business
claims the day.

I'll never know, but still I guess, that fox got right
away.

G. C. Scheu

THE ELKRIDGE HUNT CLUB

The Elkridge pack went out one day,
To hunt in Harford far away,
The riders all were keen and gay,
Their hounds were fit and ready.
In wooded covert soon they "found,"
Right on the trail was every hound,
With stern in air and nose to ground,
The pace was fast and steady.

The course lay over hill and dale,
The jumps were on a biggish scale,
With ditches wide and post and rail,
That took a "lot of doing."
But on the pack relentless pressed
The field, in "pink" and mufti dressed,
All riding hard, as if "possessed,"
Close on their heels pursuing.

At length to give the pack a lurch,
The wily fox made for a church,
Where moss-grown tombs might stop the search,
And give him time for breathing.
And here he found a strong ally,
For as the pack came in "full cry,"
Out stepped a black-frocked Dominie,
With wrath and anger seething.

The foremost rider came in sight,
A picture she with color bright,
Her dark blue habit fitting tight,

Her mount well-bred and mannered.
She cleared the wall in gallant shape,
And saw the parson stand a-gape.
(Meanwhile the fox made his escape
And down the hill meandered.)

“Hold hard!” the parson called aloud,
“What means this sacrilegious crowd?
With shame my scanty locks are bowed
To think of such misdoing.
Consider well this pious thatch!
Don’t ride upon my spinach patch!
My cat is scared — the eggs won’t hatch!
The mischief is a-brewing!

“Get out! Vamoose! Shoo! Scat! Begone!
Woe! Woe! Alas! I’m all undone!
Go right back home each, every one!
And hang your heads in sorrow!
But — if that lady on the bay
Will jump that fence across the way,
You all can come back every day,
Beginning with to-morrow.”

D. S. G.

THE MASTER OF THE HORSE

Horses, like men, need a fair bit of schooling,
Three things are certain, whatever they say;
Kindness and courage, and patience you must
have —
Breaking a horse is not done in a day.

No matter what is his age or his temper,
One method only for all in the main,
Not one way with one horse, and one with another —
Seek to get nearer the animal's brain.

Instead of applying the whip and the rowel,
Feel him out firmly with finger and knee,
Speak to him coolly, coax him as kindly —
Or maybe you'll fly on the first bit of lea.

If you would master him, why not remember
To first teach yourself how to work and obey?
Are the lazy and insolent best in the saddle
When effort and duty ne'er came in their way?

See to the grazing, the stabling and feeding,
Consider the sort of condition they're in;
You like some comfort and good food to work on —
Then never break horses when hungry and thin.

Give a young bolter the rein for a moment,
Play with his nature and see what he'll do;
Sure — if you bear on him, jag him and saw him,
There may be a wide gap a-tween him and you.

If he "takes hold" as you're going to covert,
And you are not feeling as fit as you should,
Give him three turns 'round a plough with its fur-
row —
It might tend to alter his fidgety mood.

Some are for thrashing and "running 'em done,"
Those that have taken to bolt or to kick;
Others, with Galvayne, would humor their hearing;
Many a good'un is spoil'd with a stick.

When he's done well, he should know you commend him,

This is his due as a matter of course;

The horse understands *brains* makes man the master,

So break in yourself — and then break in the horse.

George A. Fothergill

THE OLD GRAY MARE

There's a line of rails on an up-land green

With a good take-off and a landing sound,

Six fences grim as were ever seen,

And it's there I would be with fox and hound.

Oh, that was a country free and fair

For the raking stride of my old gray mare!

With her raking stride and her head borne high,

And her ears a-prick, and her heart a-flame,
And the steady look of her deep brown eye,

I warrant the gray mare knew the game:
It was "Up to it, lass!" and before I knew,
We were up and off, and on we flew.

The rooks from the grass got up, and so,

With a caw and flap, away they went;
When the gray mare made up her mind to go
At the tail of the hounds on a breast-high
scent,

The best of the startled rooks might fail
To match her flight over post and rail.

While some of the thrusters grew unnerved,
And looked and longed for an open gate,
And one crashed down and another swerved,
She went for it always true and straight:
She pounded the lot, for she made it good
With never a touch of splintered wood.

Full many a year has come and gone
Since last she gathered her spring for me,
And lifted me up, and so flew on
Unchecked in a country fair and free.
I've ridden a score since then, but ne'er
Crossed one that could live with the old gray mare.
R. C. Lehmann

"NOTA BENE"

Boys, to the hunting field! Though 't is November,
The wind's in the south — but a word ere we
start;
However excited, you'll please to remember
That hunting's a science, and riding an art.
The fox takes precedence of all from the cover;
The hunter's an animal purposely bred,
After the pack to be ridden, not *over*:
Hounds are not reared to be knocked on the head.
Anonymous

THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE

'T was a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the
bottomless pit;
The wind was howling away like a Bedlamite in a
fit,

Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars
down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where
you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well it *did* rain) dashing against the
window glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to
pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the
stable door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they
would never give o'er.

Lor', how the winders rattled! you'd almost ha'
thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseless
pelt of leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the
beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall
man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little
scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practising
for the choir;
But it sounded dismal, the anthem did, for Squire
was dying fast,
And the doctor said, do what he would, Squire's
breaking up at last.

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over
th' owd mare's head,
Though he had never once been heard up there
since master's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, beside Tom's tune, was the
stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in
the owd walls.

We could n't hear Death's foot pass by, but we
knew that he was near,
And the chill rain, and the wind and cold, made us
all shake with fear;
We listened to the clock up-stairs, 't was breathing
soft and low,
For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old
Squire's soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish
life;
Did n't he shoot the Bowton Squire, who dared
write to his wife?
He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in
twenty-nine,
When every pail in the market place was brimmed
with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for forty
years or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther
did afore; _

And now to die, and in his bed — the season just begun —

“ It made him fret,” the doctor said, “ as it might do any one.”

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,

Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill;

And we turned the hounds out in the court — that seemed to do him good;

For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high, and he would go see the room

Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammas-tide shall come;

I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down;

Moreover, the town-hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton Town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep;

Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep;

The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,

When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell

That had n't been heard for twenty year, not since
the Luddite days.

Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house
a-blaze

Had sure not scared us half so much, and out we
ran like mad,

I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little stable
lad.

“He's killed himself,” that's the idea that came
into my head;

I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was
dead;

When all at once a door flew back, and he met us
face to face;

His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like
the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like
a child;

The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked
fierce and wild;

“Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men,” that's what
he said to me;

“The moon is up, we're sure to ‘find’ at Stop or
Etterly.

“Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night, and young
again and sound,

I'll have a run once more before they put me under
ground;

They brought my father home feet first, and it never
shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly
in his bed.

“Brandy!” he cried; “a tumbler full, you women
howling there”;
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long
gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip,
though he was old and weak;
There was a devil in his eye that would not let me
speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on
the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of
Haggard Bourne;
I buckled Lightning’s throat-lash fast — the Squire
was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet care-
fully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well
could mount,
He drove the yard gate open, man, and called to old
Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago — for the fever
rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into
his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us
on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce
knowing he was gone;
We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox
break out,
And down the covert side we heard the old Squire's
parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly
the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half-way down
the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence — nothing could
turn him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the
brave old pack.

'T was like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode
free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well
be passed,
For it was swollen with the rain: but ah! 't was not
to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the
broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare
had got her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the
down side;

We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and, as we
stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall stone dead
from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went
out of sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something
dimmed our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under
breath;
And that's the way I saw th' owd Squire ride boldly
to his death.

Anonymous

“ HORSE-PLAY ”

THE LEGEND OF BOASTFUL BILL

At a roundup on the Gily
One sweet mornin' long ago,
Ten of us was throwed right freely
By a hawse from Idaho.
And we thought he'd go a-beggin'
For a man to break his pride,
Till, a-hitchin' up one leggin,
Boastful Bill cut loose and cried —

*"I'm a on'ry proposition for to hurt;
I fulfill my earthly mission with a quirt;
I kin ride the highest liver
'Tween the Gulf and Powder River,
And I'll break this thing as easy as I'd flirt."*

So Bill climbed the Northern Fury
And they mangled up the air
Till a native of Missouri
Would have owned his brag was fair.
Though the plunges kep' him reelin'
And the wind it flapped his shirt,
Loud above the hawse's squealin'
We could hear our friend assert:

*"I'm the one to take such rakin's as a joke,
Some one hand me up the makin's of a smoke!
If you think my fame needs bright'nin'
W'y, I'll rope a streak of lightnin'
And I'll cinch 'im up and spur 'im till he's broke."*

Then one caper of repulsion
Broke that hawse's back in two.
Cinches snapped in the convulsion;
Skyward man and saddle flew.
Up he mounted, never laggin',
While we watched him through our tears,
And his last thin bit of braggin'
Came a-droppin' to our ears:

*"If you'd ever watched my habits very close
You would know I've broke such rabbits by the
gross.
I have kep' my talent hidin';
I'm too good for earthly ridin'
And I'm off to bust the lightnin' —
Adios!"*

Years have gone since that ascension,
Boastful Bill ain't never lit;
So we reckon that he's wrenchin'
Some celestial outlaw's bit.
When the night rain beats our slickers
And the wind is swift and stout,
And the lightnin' flares and flickers,
We kin sometimes hear him shout —

*"I'm a bronco-twistin' wonder on the fly;
I'm the ridin' son-of-thunder of the sky.
Hi! you earthlin's, shut your winders
While we're rippin' clouds to flinders,
If this blue-eyed darlin' kicks at you, you die!"*

Stardust on his chaps and saddle,
Scornful still of jar and jolt,
He'll come back some day, a-straddle
Of a bald-faced thunderbolt.
And the thin-skinned generation
Of that dim and distant day
Sure will stare with admiration
When they hear old Boastful say: —

*"I was first, as old rawhidiers all confessed.
Now I'm last of all rough-riders, and the best."
Huh! you soft and dainty floaters,
With your a'roplanes and motors —
Huh! are you the great grandchildren of the
West!"*

Badger Clark

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

The eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;
And there kindles in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind this grim reproof beats; —
"Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming. Who's
the next?"

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,
I have watched the strongest go — men
Of pith and might and muscle — at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway,
(Heaven send it ne'er by my way!)
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the
Force?

You were at that last dread *dak*
We must cover at a walk,
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,
And your curious way of going,
And that businesslike black crimping of your
tail,
E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,
Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast —
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the
glass —
Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,

See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse —
 See old age at last o'erpower you,
 And the Station Pack devour you,
 I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, jibe, and quest, I've
 Still the hideously suggestive
 Trot that hammers out the unrelenting text,
 And I hear it hard behind me
 In what place soe'er I find me: —
 "Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the
 next?"

Rudyard Kipling

THE COCHERO AND THE HORSE

Every country has its troubles
 Which affect the human tribe;
 Over here they come in doubles,
 Like the donor and the bribe;
 Take the Philippine cocher
 With his Filipino horse,
 They're enough to drive a deacon
 To bad liquor and remorse.

Did you ever see an *hombré*
 With a sad seraphic face
 On a one-hoss shay calésa,
 Ambling at a backward pace?
 Did you ever wave him from you —
 Did he ever stop? — Perhaps,
 If he's finished his siesta,
 Or incurred a mental lapse.

Did he sport a nether garment
Of a weird chromatic hue,
And a dinky old sombrero?
And perhaps he did n't chew
Betel-nut and plug tobacco?
Ever see the mixture ooze
From his classic coral liplets,
Flavored by the rankest booze?

Did you ever tell him, "Siggy!"¹
Or I'll break your bloomin' head!"
Did he ever swear by all the
Saints, "My horse is almost dead"?
Was the wicked old *caballo*
Ever more than half alive?
Did he ever take a sudden
Think and make a fancy dive?

Did you ever start for Greenland,
And wind up at the South Pole?
Did you ever take the bearings
Of a new-made six-foot hole?
Did you ever bump a street car?
Did you ever stop a train?
Did you ever test the soundness
Of a cast-steel water main?

Did you ever "bump the bumpers"?
Ever ride a comet's tail?
Ever go up in an airship?
Have you ever raced a snail?

¹ Hurry.

If you have, you've got a notion,
Only 'proximate, of course,
Of the even, easy motion
Of a Filipino horse.

And the dear old kind cocheró!
How he loves his little plug! —
How he strokes him with his whip-lash
'S if he were a dusty rug!
But the crafty old *caballo*
With his horse-sense gone astray
Wreaks his righteous, deep resentment,
On the dash-board, day by day.

Now the Philippine cocheró
May be human, — I don't know;
And his horse may be a "critter,"
I have heard it stated so;
But from all my first-hand knowledge,
I am free to state, at least,
It would take a modern Solon
To distinguish man and beast.

Oh, this world is full of grafters,
Green-goods men and common crooks,
Trouble-makers, nature-fakirs,
Ananiases and Cooks;
Take them one by one and roll them
Into one Satanic whole,
And you'll get the triple essence
Of a brown cocheró's soul.

Some day when I'm old and feeble,
And the end is drawing nigh,
Chances are I'll have my scruples
'Bout the near Sweet Bye and Bye;
Then I'll call an old cochero
On the street, and softly say,
"Siggy! for the Lower Regions," —
And, — he'll head the other way.

Norbert Lyons

BOLTS

I've a head like a violin-case; I've a jaw like a
piece of steel;
I've a mouth like india-rubber, and devil-a-bit I
feel;
But I've had my fun with a biped thing that clam-
bered upon my back,
And I'm "in at the death," though I'm panting for
breath, right bang in the midst of the pack.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's a moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way,
In my own most original way.
Oats! but my spirits were gay!
When I bet my bit that my rider would sit
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

I started a gentle canter, I felt him bob about;
His spurs went in, and the roots of sin, they whipped
my hind legs out.

He put his arms around my neck, 't was kindly
meant, I swear
But he had no call to spoil it all by pulling out half
my hair.

He left his hat in a puddle, he left his whip on a
gate,
The briars know where, but I don't care, the bits of
his tunic wait;
He bade me stay, I raced away, to the sound of the
hunter's horn,
And at last I laid him gently in the arms of a bold
blackthorn.

The whip waits safe in the harness-room, the groom
in the stable yard,
It's not that I mind a tanning — my hide's grown
far too hard —
But that tied to a fly I'm safe to die, and on chaff
and straw abstain,
For as sure as I snort, if they give me this sort, of
course I shall do it again.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way,
In my own most original way.
Oats! but my spirits were gay!
When I bet my bit that my rider would sit
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

Anonymous

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

Every little while they tell us that the horse has got
to go;
First the trolley was invented because he went so
slow,
And they told us that we'd better not keep raisin'
colts no more.
When the street-cars came to moting that the
horses pulled before,
I thought it was all over for old Fan and Doll and
Kit,
S'posed the horse was up and done for — but, he
ain't went yit!

When the bike craze first got started people told us
right away,
As you probably remember, that the horse had saw
his day.
People put away their buggies and went kitin'
'round on wheels;
There were lots and lots of horses did n't even earn
their meals.
I used to stand and watch'em with their bloom-
ers as they'd flit,
And I thought the horse was goin' — but, he ain't
went yit!

Then they got the horseless carriage, and they said
the horse was done,
And the story's been repeated twenty times by
Edison;

Every time he gits another of his batteries to go
He comes whoopin' out to tell us that the horse
don't stand no show.

And you'd think to see these chauffers, as they
go a-chauffin', it

Was good-bye to Mr. Dobbin — but, he ain't went
yit!

When the people git to flying in the air I s'pose
they'll say,

As we long have been a-sayin' that the horse has
had his day.

And I s'pose that some old feller just about like
me'll stand

Where it's safe, and watch the horses haulin' stuff
across the land;

And he'll mebbby think as I do, while the crows
above him flit,

“Oh, they say the horse is done for, — but, he
ain't went yit!”

S. E. Kiser

SUNDAY TALK IN THE HORSE SHEDS

(OLD GRAY COMMENTS ON THE SERVICE TO HIS
MATE)

My shoulders ache, and my knees are stiff, and it
makes me want to fight

When I hear 'em sing, “O Day of Rest! O Day of
Joy and Light!”

For we started late, and to get there soon we had to
trot our best;

“Welcome,” — now hear 'em, — “delightful morn,
sweet day of sacred rest!”

Now Parson's readin' the Scripture: "Remember
the Sabbath day —
In it thou shalt not do any work" — "Amen," the
people say;
"Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy cattle,
thy ox, nor thy ass" —
Don't seem to exempt the horses, eh? So we'll let
the lesson pass.

Can't you step over a little? The sun comes in this
side —
And it don't say a word about the wife, I reckon
that's why they decide
That Sunday's a day of rest on the farm from the
labors of every-day life
For everything that the Lord hath made — except
the horses and wife.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast"
— I'd smile
At the parson's text, but if I did they'd hear me for
a mile;
For I trotted the last ten minutes lame — I'd
picked up a hard, sharp stone,
An' could hear the old man growlin' because his
seat was "hard as a bone."

"Could I but climb where Moses stood" — but the
half of them would n't climb;
They'd pile in the wagon full's 't would hold an'
ride up every time;

If they had to walk they'd do's they did when your
pastern joint was sprained —

They'd say 't was too fur, an' stay at home, like
they did the times it rained.

I'm goin' to write a hymn some day, an' we'll sing
it out in the sheds —

“ Welcome, delightful morn that pours the rain
upon our heads;

Welcome the slush, the snow that drifts, the mud
that irritates,

The storms that bring a Sabbath rest to the cattle
within the gates.”

His voice was hushed, for the notes of song rose on
the hallowed air —

“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow” —
thanksgiving, praise and prayer;

“ Praise him all creatures here below” — man,
beast, and bird and thing —

With the possible exception of the farmer's wife
who, having remained at home to prepare a
dinner of chicken soup, roast beef, beets,
onions, roasting ears, salad, pudding, two
kinds of pie, and fruit for her husband, three
sons, four daughters, the pastor, his wife and
two children, the district secretary of the
Home Mission Society, a distant relative
from the city come out to spend the day, and
two hired men — had very little time, and
not much breath, and possibly not an ever-
lasting, superabundant inclination to sing.

Robert J. Burdette

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

'T was on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered 'round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few;
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh;
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turnout:
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's dream —
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand;

On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
(The style's the man, so books avow;
The style's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye, —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these!

“Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!” “Will you? Done!”

What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear, and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story's through.
Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day;
(A funeral — so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead).

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not;
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down, —

The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"

Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein — a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! His back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
"A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" — Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb, —
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;

The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers of many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! stick on!" "Hould tight! hould tight!"
"Cling round his neck and don't let go —
That pace can't hold — there! steady! whoa!"
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;

And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he's only just begun —
He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang, impatient, at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse — all the rest astern —
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second-hand;

One said 2:10; *that* could n't be —
More like two twenty-two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
“ The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast!”

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one-horse shay he went.
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
“ That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If Brother — Jehu — made the prayer!”

And this is all I have to say
About that tough old trotting bay,
Huddup! Huddup! G'lang! Good day!

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE LAY OF THE HOSPITAL RACE

The ambulance stood near the paddock gate,
The stretcher was close at hand,
And murmurs and squeals of hysterical dames
Came down from the crowded stand.

And Dr. Squibbs said to Dr. Squabbs:
“ There'll be practice enough for two —

I'll take the legs and the busted skulls,
The collar-bones go for you."

The gamesters down in the slaughtering-pen
Looked leery and woebegone,
And some of the pencilers turned their slates,
For the hospital race was on.

The program called it a steeplechase —
That is the conventional name —
But we can call it whatever we please —
The odor is just the same.

This one was rehearsed the night before,
In a small back room somewhere,
And 't was settled that Smiley should wait on
Blink
And that Peeler go out for the air.

'T was also agreed that The Bat go wide
Of the flags on the far-off bend;
That Bourbon should balk at the water jump,
And that Guzzle turn end for end.

* * *

There was one who was n't extended a bid
When the caucus was held that night —
An unfortunate fellow called Famishing Flynn,
The owner of Mike-the-Bite.

Now, Mike-the-Bite was a maiden coy,
Though he'd raced three years on the flat;
"I'll put him to jumping," said Flynn one day;
"Perhaps he'll be good at that.

“He’s jumped the barrier once or twice —
Just look it up in the guide —
And as for jumping a feedman’s bill —
Why, he takes that in his stride!”

Mike was the champion no-account
In everyone’s eyes but Flynn’s,
But he was “consistent,” and that in a horse
Atones for a heap of sins.

Flynn coddled him through all manner of ills
Of liver and lungs and limb;
When equine diseases were flying about,
Mike got what was coming to him:

Quarter-cracks, spavins and splints and botts
And several more he’d had;
Then he caught lung fever, which left his pipes
Some more than a bit to the bad.

He was nerved behind, he was fired in front
From his pastern-joints, to his knees;
No wonder the “talent” regarded him
As a putrefied piece of cheese.

* * *

A scullion called Mose was given the mount
On the horse with the gangrened legs.
Mose was n’t a lot at the horseback act,
But an artist at frying eggs.

It took four fingers of kill-me-quick
To put him on proper edge;
With that in his hold, a five-bar gate
Was the same as a two-foot hedge.

While the horses walked in the paddock yard,
Awaiting the saddling call,
Flynn hooked his flipper in Mose's arm
And led him within the stall.

"Mose, there is something doing here,"
He said in his softest tones;
"The thing is framed up for Blink to win —
I'm feeling it in my bones.

"Opening up at eight to one,
They have backed her clean out of sight,
And everything looks like a corpse to her
But Slasher and Mike-the-Bite.

"I saw them setting it in in chunks —
She's backed to a fare-you-well,
And there was n't a cent in the ring for her
Last Saturday when she fell!

"And never a word did they say to me —
Oh, no! to the dump with Flynn!
For they did n't figure Old Mike a chance —
They did n't have him to skin.

"Mike-the-Bite was a joke to them,
And Slasher was only a lob.
Oh, I'd give three fingers from my right hand
If we could upset the job!

"Now, listen, Mose: We can do it, too —
The question is up to you.
You can run it out on that crooked bunch,
If you do what I tell you to do.

“ As a jumping jock you are rotten, Mose —
In putting you up I’m a jay;
For you could n’t ride in a Burton car,
Strapped down to a bale of hay.

“ The horse is good. For once I think
I’ve got him in perfect trim;
He will run every inch if his nigh foreleg
Does n’t get too hot for him.

“ Moreover, Mose, I have slipped him a charge
That would blow up a national bank,
And when it gets working for all it’s worth
You may find him a trifle rank.

“ Just take a good tight hold of his head,
And keep him within the flags,
And draw your skillet and bust his slats
If you find that he loafes or lags.

“ When the pill goes off, which I think it will
’Bout the second turn of the course,
You take a good hold with your hands and teeth,
For then he’ll be Hawkins’ horse.

“ He’s as good as one hundred to one to win.
(A funny guy making a book
Says that means twenty to one, the horse
And eighty to one, the cook.)

“ I’ve made an agent from up the pike
Dig down in his moldy hoard
And bet six hundred straight, place and show —
Two hundred across the board.

“ There goes the bugle! Remember, Mose!
The ticket is in your boot.
You keep him standing and keep him straight —
I’ll get on the fence and root.”

* * *

The cavalcade filed through the paddock gate
And steered for the lower turn,
With a ragged collection of silks aloft
And the odor of drugs astern.

Never, I ween, was a tougher lot,
Surmounted by coons and turks,
Stopped on the straight and narrow path
That leads to the glucose works.

A ribald shout or a mocking cheer
Saluted each equine vag
And each boy thereon as the bunch went by
On the way to the man with the flag.

* * *

“ Line up now, line up now!” the starter cried,
“ Or I’ll put you all on the ground!
Jones, what are you doing with Peeler, there?
Why don’t you turn him around?

“ Now, look at that guinea on Thompson’s mare,
And that lobster aboard of The Rat!
Say, Hogan, get straight with that goat of yours,
Or it’s you and me to the mat!

*

“ Could n’t help it, eh? Oh, you come off —
Don’t give me that old bull con!

Now, steady, there, steady! Whoa up, whoa up!
Come on there, come on! Go on!"

* * *

'Way back in the dope of a day long dead,
Which haply you have forgot,
You'll find the tale of this steeplechase
In figures and notes — and rot.

The record shows that a horse "ran out,"
And that others "refused" or "fell."
The dope nails down all the callous facts,
But it does n't record the smell.

It does n't show when the pill went off
In the carcass of Mike-the-Bite,
And it does n't bring Chef Mose out strong
In the glare of heroic light.

It does n't record the shudders and thrills
That swept through the frenzied mob,
Nor gives it a hint of the deep chagrin
Of the fellows who framed the job.

However, it shows that Old Mike came down
Like the White Ghost on a tear,
And caught Blink tired at the water jump
And passed her out in the air.

It says in a note: "The cook shook loose,
But hung till the line was passed,"
And leaves me to tell you that Famishing Flynn
Was square with the world at last.

Hugh Edmund Keough — "Hek"

THE HORSE OF PETE LAREAU

Sacre! you laugh ma ol' Paree?

You t'ink she's sick to kill!

Dees hoss make leetle sad, may be —

But sick? — no more as Bill!

I tell you 'bout dees horse, ma boy:

I feed him twenty year;

She be ma frien', ma life, ma joy!

I kill him now? — Dat's queer!

I tak' Paree to circus t'ing

'Bout fifteen year ago;

Dare be t'ree acre in de ring,

An' plenty hoss to show.

I heech him in de sulky dere

An' pat him on de head —

"Dey's plenty competition here;

Now show you don't be dead!"

I tak' de rein an' hol' him tight,

An' wait de signal gun;

De pistol shoot! Ma hoss step light!

Sacre! but how she run!

Den all de hoss spread out dere nose,

De spark fly from de stone!

No odair hoss go fast like dose —

'Cept dees, ma *jolie* roan!

Ma hoss he keep de inside track,
An' make dat cirkees short;
In just t'ree mineet she be back,
An' Paree hol' de fort!

An' den I'm have one odair try.
I speak to him some more —
“If you be beat, *mon cher*, I cry;
It make my spirit sore.”

I rub hees leg down wid de sponge,
An' tak' de rein ma han';
'She hear de gun, she make one lunge!
You t'ink she understan'.

She go! She go! wid hundaird feet!
Hees mane whip lak de flag!
She mak' dat cirkees — *two* mineet! —
Behin' one odair nag.

She feel dam sorry, dat Paree!
He hol' hees head in shame,
An' shet hees eye so he don't see
Dat *fail* go 'gainst hees name.

Den I say, “Don't you mind, Paree —
You don't be all to blame;
You win de nex' one, sure, for me —
An' dere we have de game!”

An' den I see dat horse wake up,
An' know she say “I will!”
I geeve him drink, I take one cup —
To show we be frien' still;

I sponge his leg; I smood his hair;
I tak' ma seat behin'.
She tremble lak de leaf, wid fear!
An' I be 'fraid dat sign!

I hol' de line; I wait de shot;
I say, "Be brave, ma boy!"
But dees dam horse! I guess I got
One bass-wood duck decoy!

But dere's de gun! an' here's de gale!
Dees hoss come out his grave!
She tak' de air! he's mad! he sail,
Lak sea-gull on de wave!

No frog be scare can jump lak dat!
No fish can cut de sea.
So fas' she go! I lose ma hat,
But I say, "Go! Paree!"

She go lak blin'! She hear no soun'
Aftair she hear dat gun.
She make t'ree acre — all way 'roun —
Gee Cry! — jus' *half past one!*

Now what you t'ink 'bout dat, ma men?
T'rough all dese twenty year
She be ma pal, ma pride, ma frien'!
I keel heem now? Dat's queer!

Ivan Swift

THE HORSE IN WAR

SUNLIGHT

Sunlight, a colt from the ranges, glossy and gentle
and strong,

Dazed by the multiple thunder of wheels and the
thrust of the sea,

Fretted and chafed at the changes — ah, but the
journey was long!

Officer's charger — a wonder — pick of the
stables was he.

Flutter of flags in the harbor; rumble of guns in the
street;

England! and rhythm of marching; mist and the
swing of the tide;

France and an Oriflamme arbor of lilies that
drooped in the heat;

Sunlight, with mighty neck arching, flecked with
the foam of his pride!

Out from the trenches retreating, weary and grimy
and worn,

Lean little men paused to cheer him, turning to
pass to their rest;

Shrilled him a pitiful greeting, mocking the promise
of morn

With hope and wild laughter to hear him answer
with challenging zest.

Victory! That was the spirit! Once *they* had an-
swered the thrill;

Toiled at the guns while incessant sang that in-
visible, dread

Burden of death. Ah, to hear it, merciless, animate,
shrill,
Whining aloft in a crescent, shattering living and
dead!

And Sunlight? What knew he of battle? Strange
was this turmoil and haste.

Why should he flinch at the firing; swerve at the
mangled and slain?

Where was the range and the cattle? Here was but
carnage and waste;

Yet with a patience untiring he answered to spur
and to rein.

Answered, when, out of disorder, rout, and the
chaos of night,

Came the command to his master, "Cover the
Seventh's retreat!"

On, toward the flame of the border, into the brunt of
the fight,

Swept that wild wind of disaster, on with the tide
of defeat.

Softly the dawn-wind awaking fluttered a pennant
that fell

Over the semblance of Sunlight, stark in the
pitiless day;

Riddled and slashed by the bullets sped from the
pit of that hell . . .

Groaning, his master beside him, patted his neck
where he lay.

“Sunlight, it was n’t for glory . . . England . . .
or France . . . or the fame

Of victory . . . No . . . not the glowing tribute of
history’s pen.

Good-bye, old chap, for I’m going . . . earned it . . .
your death is the shame . . .

We fought for the world, not an Island. . . . We
fought for the honor of men. . . .”

.
So we have sold them our horses. What shall we do
with the gold?

Lay it on Charity’s altar, purchasing columns of
praise?

Noble indeed are our courses; running the race as
of old;

But why should we Mammonites falter? Noble
indeed are our ways.

Henry Herbert Knibbs

TROOP HORSES

Through lingering long months idle
They have kept you ready and fit,
All shining from hock to bridle,
All burnished from hoof to bit;
The set of your silk coat’s beauty,
The light of its lightest hair,
Was an anxious trooper’s duty
And a watchful captain’s care.

Not the keenest eye could discover
The sign of the sloth on you,
From the last mane-lock laid over
To the nail tight in the shoe;

A blast, and your ranks stood ready;
A shout, and your saddles filled;
A wave, and your troop was ready
To wheel where the leaders willed.

“ Fine drawn and fit to the buckle!”
Was your confident Colonel’s pride.
And the faith of the lads — “ Our luck’ll
Come back when the Spring winds ride”;
And, dropping their quaint oaths drolly,
They dragged their spurs in the mire,
Till the Western Front woke slowly
And they won to their hearts’ desire.

They loose you now to the labours
That the needs of the hour reveal,
And you carry the proud old sabres
To cross with a tarnished steel;
So, steady — and keep your position —
And stout be your hearts to-day,
As you shoulder the old tradition
And charge in the ancient way!

Will H. Ogilvie

THE HORSE

The man who goes into the fight,
With the heart of a volunteer,
Has the high ideal of doing right,
To conquer his pain and fear.
And the man who is forced to go,
Has his pride, and his will, and his faith,
To help him over the road of woe
To the goal of a crutch, or death.

But the steed that is dragged from his stall,
To be plunged in the hell of war —
Why, what does he know of the country's call,
Or the cause he is suffering for?
And I think when he lies in his pain,
Tortured and torn by the fray,
He must long for the touch of a hand on his
mane
And the fields where he used to play.

The world as we see it now
Is only half man-made;
As the horse recedes with a parting bow,
We know the part he has played.
For the wonderful brain of man,
However mighty its force,
Had never achieved its lordly plan
Without the aid of the horse.

The forests felled by hand,
By the horse were carried away;
And furrow and field were made to yield
By his willing toil each day.
He helped bring true in this age
The visions our forebears saw;
And oft was given a grudging wage,
Scant fare and a bunch of straw.

The horse has no passion to kill,
Like man and the tiger and bear;
Yet slave of a murderous will,
To the front of the fight he must fare.

Now the heart of a horse has love
For the master and home it knew;
And the mind of a horse can prove
That memory dwells there, too.

*Oh, I think on the blood red sod
Each wounded man prays to God;
And I think from the heart of a steed
There must rise in his hour of need
A cry for his master who, seems
A god in his equine dreams.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Where's glossy Bess, the carmen's mare?
Where's gentle Prince, the children's friend?
Where's Starlight, fast beyond compare?
And Tiny Tim of fiery blend?

Gone to fight their country's battles,
Gone to face the shot and shell,
Days of toil and nights of hunger.
Can we help, who loved them well?

Where's soft-nosed Jessie, sugar lover?
Where's handsome Bobs, my lady's hack?
Where's Punch, the Squire rides to cover
And Misses' trapper Lively Jack?

Gone to fight their country's battles,
Gone to face the shot and shell
Weary waiting, hours of torture.
Can we help, who loved them well?

Where 's sturdy Joe, who hauls the coal?
Where 's ginger Nell, who brings the bread?
Where 's Tommy, petted from a foal?
And Norna of the Fitful Head?

Gone, all gone on Active Service,
Faithful Servants, friends of man.
We in sheltered homes of England,
Let us send the help we can.

Anonymous

A DUMB APPEAL

She was a pretty, nicely-mannered mare
The children's pet, the master's pride and care,
Until a man in khaki came one day
Looked at her teeth, and hurried her away.

With other horses packed into a train
She hungered for her master's voice in vain;
And later, led 'twixt planks that scare and slip
They slung her, terrified, on board a ship.

Next came, where thumps and throbbing filled the
air,

Her first experience of *mal de mer*;
And when that oscillating trip was done
They hitched her up in traces to a gun.

She worked and pulled and sweated with the best;
A stranger now her glossy coat caressed;
Till flashing thunderstorms came bursting round
And spitting leaden hail bestrewed the ground.

With quivering limbs, and silky ears laid back,
She feels a shock succeed a sharper crack,
And whinnying her pitiful surprise,
Staggers and falls, and tries in vain to rise.

Alone, forsaken, on a foreign field —
What moral does this little record yield?
Who tends the wounded horses in the war?
Well — that is what the Blue Cross League is
for.

Jessie Pope

A PRAYER

Thine are the cattle on a thousand hills,
So saith the Word Divine;
And all the beasts that every forest fills,
Each one is Thine.

But Thou hast given to men the power
To capture them and tame,
To use them for their service hour by hour,
Call them by name.

Some of Thy creatures, in this time of strife,
Fight side by side with man;
And many a horse and dog gives up his life,
Does all he can.

O Thou who lovest all that Thou hast made,
Who madest great and small,
Hear us Thy servants, who are not afraid
To pray for all.

For men who fight we pray in our distress,

'T is all that we can do:

And kneeling down, we ask: "O Father, bless

The dumb beasts too!"

C. S. Purves

THE WAR-HORSE BUYERS

Twenty of us ridin' bronks, headed for the war;
Twenty top-hand saddlemen, up in bustin' lore;
Off the ranges fast they come, hosses black and gray,
Hosses roan and calico, hosses brown and bay;
Saddle, bridle, cinch and ride — buck, you big
hoss, buck!

You will be the captain's choice — 'bye, old nag —
good luck!

*'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,
That's the way they pick 'em when the judges are
at work;*

*'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,
Farewell, Western mountain hoss, and don't you
ever shirk;*

*Steel and lead and powder smoke, there acrost the
way —*

If it was n't I'm neutral I'd be off with you to-day.

All the range is bein' combed of the strong and fit;
Bring more in, you wrangler men — let 'em taste
the bit;

Let the busters show each pace, 'neath the cap-
tain's eyes;

Good-bye, all of you to-day, to these Western skies;

Twice around the ring you go — saddle off and stand
While the captain tallies you for the fightin' band.

*'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,
That's the way they pick and choose for the game
of war;*

*'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,
Little difference where you go — fightin' is in store;
Little difference where you show — most of you
must die;*

*Western hosses, do your best — good luck, and
good-bye!*

Arthur Chapman

CONSCRIPTS

On a smooth, white road in a neutral land,
With peaceful homes on either hand,
A column of conscripts, a patient flock,
Tread slowly down, down to the dock.

With halters new, of twisted rope,
Bound five abreast, no choice, no hope —
One needs a heart of flint-like rock,
To watch them pass — down to the dock.

May the "coming events" of this gruesome war,
Not dare to "cast their shadows before";
May their innocent minds have key and lock,
To shut out, why? — they go down to the dock.

Forward they go, the gang-plank o'er,
On tossing ship, to war-bound shore;

In the crowded hold, they pitch and rock,
Their quivering forms, humanity mock.

And after, — may Fate's great over-lord,
Ordain they meet some just reward
For bearing the battle's horrible shock
And ship them to a celestial dock.

Anna M. Fielding

A CALL TO THE COW PONIES

They sent us from Coorong and Cooper
The pick of the Wallaby Track
To serve us as gunner and trooper,
To serve us as charger and hack;
From Budgeribar to Blanchewater
They rifled the guns of the West,
That whatever his fate in the slaughter,
A man might ride home on the best.

We dealt with the distant Dominion,
We bought in the far Argentine;
The worth of our buyers' opinion
Is proved to the hilt in the line;
The Clydes from the edge of the heather,
The Shires from the heart of the grass,
And the Punches are pulling together
The guns where the conquerors pass.

So come with us, buckskin and sorrel,
And come with us, skewbald and bay;
Your country's girth-deep in the quarrel,
Your honour is roped to the fray;

Where flanks of your comrades are foaming
 'Neath saddle and trace-chain and band,
We look for the kings of Wyoming
 To speak for the sage-brush and sand.

Will H. Ogilvie

“NUMBER 7”

Behold me, bound between the shafts,
 A polo mount am I,
Bold, bold, to run, and swift to wheel
 When the white ball whirls by.

The whistling ball that shoots across
 The purple shadowed grass,
Ten times the joy that the marksman thrills,
 We surge with as we pass.

We gallop here, we gallop there,
 We wheel and dart and run,
Put all our strength in every length
 Until the goal is won!

My mates still foot the flying ball
 White winged across the green,
On their hot flanks the lowering sun
 Strikes with a crimson sheen.

They go before me down the lane
 (Ah! but the shafts are sore!)
Ready and dressed to face the test —
 I follow, mate, no more.

I draw dried hay and sea-weed brown
All day through mist and sun,
At night I lie on salt sea grass
And dream of old fields won.

They say I'm lucky to be here,
Not bound to pedlar's cart —
What matters it, if I'm not *there* —
Game dearest to my heart?

Yet ev'n the riders that ride so brave
Some day will ride no more,
The quick'ning mist will take them all
Deep in its shrouded shore.

The watery creatures of the marsh,
The just tide's ebb and flow,
The cawing crows and the calling quail —
These are my comrades now.

The cawing crows and the yellow-legs
Flaunt freedom 'round my head,
Till a sniper's rifle brings them down,
A clump of feathers — dead.

Man by his craft has taken me
And bound me to his state;
What he cannot bind to do his will,
That must he imitate.

There's a giant bird that flies above
And dips into the main;
As the long-necked sea-fowl scream and rise,
So does the hydroplane.

I see these things and toss my mane,
Grown long, a shaggy veil; †
The Gray Shape calls from the curling mist —
But that's another tale.

Edith Musgrave

SIR GILES' WAR-SONG

*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

The clink of arms is good to hear,
The flap of pennons fair to see;
*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

The leopards and lilies are fair to see,
“St. George Guienne” right good to hear:
*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

I stood by the barrier,
My coat being blazon'd fair to see;
*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

Clisson put out his head to see,
And lifted his basnet up to hear;
I pull'd him through the bars to ME,
Sir Giles, le bon des barrières.

William Morris

SONG OF THE CAVALIER

A steed! a steed! of matchless speed!
A sword of metal keen!
All else to noble hearts is dross —
All else on earth is mean.

The neighing of the war-horse proud,
The rolling of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet loud
Be sounds from heaven that come.

And oh! the thundering press of knights
When as their war-cries swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gallants all,
And don your helms amain;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand. —
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest of the land;

Let piping swain and craven wight
Thus weep and puling cry,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

William Motherwell

"BAY BILLY"

'T was the last fight at Fredericksburg —
Perhaps the day you reckon —
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the center fight
Spurred up a general's aid.
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,
To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,

Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge Hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell;
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge, again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The colonel's horse we spied —
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostril swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say,
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;

Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a specter steed
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake! arise! —
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,

And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-morn
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries —
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered "Here!"

F. H. Gassaway

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master

Were beating like pris'ners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you, Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,

The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read

MILES KEOGH'S HORSE

On the bluff of the Little Big-Horn,
At the close of a woful day,
Custer and his Three Hundred
In death and silence lay.

Three hundred to three thousand!
They had bravely fought and bled;
For such is the will of Congress
When the White man meets the Red.

The White men are ten millions,
The thriftiest under the sun;
The Reds are fifty thousand,
And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting men
Lay under the evening skies,
Staring up at the tranquil heaven
With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday
In that fiery scorpion ring,
Miles Keogh's horse at evening
Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter,
Where lay the three hundred slain,
The horse Comanche wandered,
With Keogh's blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,
Which future times shall read,
While the love and honor of comrades
Are the soul of the comrade's creed.

He said:

*Let the horse Comanche,
Henceforth till he shall die,
Be kindly cherished and cared for
By the Seventh Cavalry.*

*He shall do no labor; he never shall know
The touch of spur or rein;
Nor shall his back be ever crossed
By living rider again.
And at regimental formation
Of the Seventh Cavalry,
Comanche, draped in mourning, and led
By a trooper of Company I,
Shall parade with the regiment!*

Thus it was
Commanded, and thus done,
By order of General Sturgis, signed
By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,
In his disastrous fall,
Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world
And glorified his pall,

This order, issued amid the gloom
That shrouds our army's name,
When all foul beasts are free to rend
And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people
That the sense of a soldier's worth,
That the love of comrades, the honor of arms,
Have not perished from earth.

John Hay

ON THE FIELDS OF FRANCE

God speed the horse on the fields of France,
As he fights in Freedom's name;
God save the horse from the sword and lance
When he bravely halts the foe's advance,
As cannon roar and the shrapnel dance
Let his stout heart know no shame.

God guard the horse on that fateful day,
When he hears the battle's song
As trumpet sounds in the morning gray,
And charging hosts through the bloody fray,
Shall see the light of a victor's day,
When the right shall conquer wrong.

God help the horse when the earth and sky,
Is choked with poison'd breath,
Though his martial soul knows how to die,
His great heart breaks as they pass him by,
No grief, no tear, no pitying eye,
Though he wins the cross of death.

The sigh of his soul as swift as light,
 That speeds through the ether blue,
 Unceasing calls in its onward flight:
 "We fought as only the dumb beasts fight,
 We fought not knowing the wrong from right,
 Yet we fought and died for you."

Thomas H. Herndon

REMOUNTS

In the rosy red of the dawning your hoofs on the
 roadway ring
 You that shall carry our heroes, you that shall fight
 for the King.
 You that shall lead the triumph in a last long tramp-
 ling line
 When the swords have saved us Europe and slashed
 their way to the Rhine!

Called from an Irish farmland, called from an Eng-
 lish fen,
 Called from a prairie pasture to measure the lives of
 men,
 What courage that laughs at danger, what spirit
 that scoffs at Death,
 But, born to our Empire, freedom ye have drunk
 with your every breath!

Bred in her conquering kingdoms, you, too, are the
 Empire's sons.
 You that shall tug at the wagons, you that shall gal-
 lop the guns,

You that are part of our glory, whose help has the
years bestowed
Whenever our grandsires gathered, wherever our
fathers rode!

And, faith, ye shall never fail us when the whimper-
ing bullets fly,
When the lances shiver and splinter and Death in
his spurs goes by:
When the stricken reels in his saddle and the chill
hand drops the rein,
And bloody out of the battle ye wheel to the tents
again!

Hail to the hero that waits you, gunner, hussar or
dragoon!
Hail to day of your glory — and the War-God send
it soon!
Luck to your prancing squadron, whose hoofs on
the roadway ring
Proud ye shall carry the victors who carry the
swords of the King!

Will H. Ogilvie

CAVALRY CHARGE

After the tanks and gun machines
And the heavy artillery's through;
After the barrage and after the gas
And after the hullabaloo;
After the minor and lesser arms
Of the service have had their fling —

It's boot and saddle and sword and spur,
And the cavalry charge's the thing!
Cavalry — all in a sudden rush,
A clang and a mighty shout;
The foemen struck with a frightened hush,
And then with a panic rout!

Give each his number in war and life
And each his labor to do;
The infantryman in his special place
And the big gun batteries, too;
But when there's an army to sweep and flay
And a field of carnage to clear,
The cavalry charge is the only way —
God! It's the bugles, hear!

To horse and away! And all is well —
And that is enough of the Hun;
The riders of death from the mouth of hell
Are goin' to teach him to run!

The color-sergeant can tell a lot
And the corporal knows his men;
And most of the things the Captain's forgot
The Lieutenant is larnin' again.
There's troops and troops, divisions and corps,
But the cleanup gang of the fight
Is the cavalry — Ho! for the trumpeter
“Forward! Platoons by right!”
Then thunder away with your heavy guns,
And lead the infantry in;
For after yer through with the dirty Huns
The cavalry's work 'll begin!

Clean 'em up is the Major's word,
And clean 'em up it shall be.
Ah, he sits well on his leaping horse
Who is fit for the rider's glee.
And the ranks shall waver before our stride
And the faces all blanched and white
Shall turn to look at the other side
When we get into the fight.

The cavalry! Charge, and spring away,
Rout 'em and clean up here,
And even the nags neath the saddles know —
The hoss has a wondrous ear.

Heavy battalion and maybe the light,
Grenadier, hussar and all —
Follow the cannonade into the fight,
It's a duty to answer the call;
But layin' low for the moment sweet
And tuggin' with bridles to go,
The cavalry jumps to its bloomin' feet
The moment the bugles blow:

Boot, spur, to horse and off,
And there's never a battie that 's done
Till the cavalry's swept the battle floor
Of the last derved, brutal Hun.

Folger McKinsey

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